The Outlook

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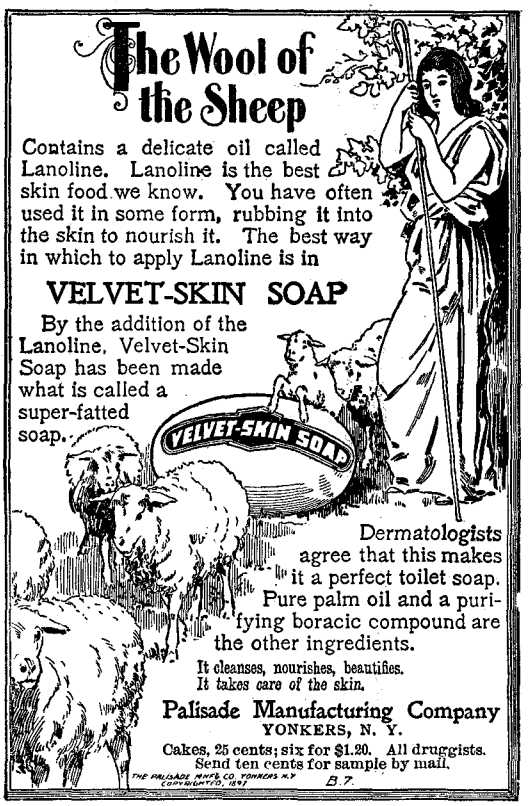

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The Outlook

Published Every Saturday

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IMPORTANT political events have followed one another with great rapidity in Pennsylvania during the past fortnight. First there was the exposure concerning a bond of indemnity given by certain leading State officials and politicians to the State Treasurer to protect him against loss incident to the payment of certain employees of the late Legislature, whose appointments were not in accordance with the law. Heretofore, we are informed, Governor Hastings has approved the appropriation for these extra employees (who for the most part have "claims" for party work), but this year he saw fit to interpose his veto. The State Treasurer insisted on indemnification for the payments he had made, and in this way the whole matter came to light. Two leading State officials, the Secretary of the Commonwealth (General Frank Reeder) and Deputy Attorney-General Elkin, were requested to resign because they had signed the indemnity bond, the Governor holding that the payments by the State Treasurer were unconstitutional, and that these officials were guilty of promoting and condoning an unconstitutional act. These gentlemen, both of whom happened to be strong Quay men, and one of whom, Elkin, is now the Chairman of the State Republican Campaign Committee, made extended and detailed statements concerning their action with the bond. These convinced many persons that the Governor had full knowledge of all the facts, that he was to a certain extent a participant in the wrong done, and that the removals were made for political reasons rather than on public grounds. The papers, nevertheless, were disposed to approve the Governor's action, because the foisting of political followers upon the State has steadily grown of late years, and has become a scandal of considerable magnitude.

❀

Unfortunately, Governor Hastings's next step was such as to confirm the charge brought against him. To the chagrin of his best supporters, he appointed David Martin to succeed General Reeder as Secretary of the Commonwealth. Next to the Governor himself, the Secretary of the Commonwealth has the most important and dignified position in the State. David Martin, the appointee, has for ten years past been the virtual boss of Philadelphia, by reason of his leadership in what was known as the Ward Combine. Until two years ago he was Senator Quay's right-hand man and representative in Philadelphia; but in January, 1895, Martin set up for himself as boss, and cut loose from Quay. Mr. Martin's record as boss of Philadelphia is too well known to need further comment. He represents that which is worst in modern American municipal politics, and the machine which he has succeeded in building up represents the very perfection of corrupt ring politics. He first gained notoriety as the leader of a gang of toughs in the northeastern section of the city, and his methods ever since have been of the same order; but there is no disputing his political power in Philadelphia. The action of the Governor in deposing a strong Quay man and substituting Mr. Martin, who for the last two years has been the most prominent opponent of Senator Quay in political matters, seems to indicate that the Governor intends to make a fight for State leadership, and possibly for the succession of Senator Quay in 1899. Governor Hastings, in an interview, states that he appointed Mr. Martin not only because of his "fitness," but also as a matter of gratitude for political services Martin had rendered him in 1894. In other words, public offices are private perquisites.

❀

Last week the country was shocked by two fresh exhibitions of savagery. One was at Versailles, a county seat in southeastern Indiana, where five men awaiting trial for housebreaking were taken from the jail and

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lynched, and the other at Hogansville, a village in a strongly negro district in Georgia, where the negro postmaster was riddled with bullets by a mob as he was closing his office at night. In both of these cases the public ignominy was the greater because the provocation was not that which has usually impelled communities to wreak vengeance in hot blood. In the Indiana community there had been a succession of burglaries, but only two of the five men killed without trial had been caught in an overt act. The others were their associates, against whom another former associate gave damaging evidence. In the Georgia community the only offense of the victim was the holding of a public office which white men wanted. The whites in the community had protested against the appointment of the negro, had made it impossible for him to rent an office except in the negro quarter, had as far as possible transferred their business to a neighboring office with a white postmaster, and finally, finding that none of these things injured any one but themselves, they gave countenance to the desperate measure at last resorted to. We do not mean to say that the better members of the community justified the attempt to murder the postmaster, but the local sentiment was so imbued with race hatred that acts of terrorism from the violent element were inevitable. Similarly in Indiana the responsibility for the defiance of law and momentary effacement of humanity does not belong solely to the members of the mob.

❀

The toleration of such outlawry manifested by the local community, and by the larger community to which we all belong, is an indispensable accessory to these crimes. In Indiana, we are glad to note, Governor Mount has declared in favor of vigorous measures for bringing to justice the members of the mob, and at Washington the Administration is showing that it will not be terrorized by the brutal treatment of the negro appointee. Whatever may be our views regarding the failures of courts of justice to punish criminals, and whatever may be our views regarding the appointment of postmasters because of their party allegiance instead of their acceptability to the people to be served, every friend of government by law is bound to give the heartiest support to the public officials who show a determination to check the aggressions of mob violence. It is perhaps worthy of note that the Indiana lynching has made probable acts of recrimination from the families of the victims, and it is certainly worthy of note that the lynchings of the last few years in the South have simply stirred the bad blood of both blacks and whites, and made the crimes of both races more frequent. One crime never prevents, but always begets, another.

❀

We clip from the New York "Evening Post" the following admirable statement of the recent decision of Judge Cox in an important civil service case:

The decision as to the power of removal rendered by Judge Cox, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, is not final, but his position is so thoroughly buttressed by opinions of the United States Supreme Court on various points involved that there seems every reason to expect that it will be sustained by the higher tribunal. The Postmaster-General had asked for the resignation of the Superintendent of Mails at Louisville, and removed him when the resignation was not furnished. The Superintendent denied his superior's right to depose him without giving reasons, because of the civil service rule promulgated by the President a few weeks ago, which declares that "no removal shall be made from any position subject to competitive examination, except for just cause and upon written charges filed with the head of the department or other appointing officer, and of which the accused shall have full notice and an opportunity to make defense." The decision of the court is that the power to appoint, lodged in the head of an executive department, has always carried with it the power to remove, and that the only restriction put upon this power by the Civil Service Act is the prohibition of removal for a refusal to make contributions for political purposes. Any other restriction, Judge Cox holds, must come in the same way, by the express legislation of Congress, and any rule made by President or Civil Service Commission, or both, which imposes any other restriction is void.

❀

The Outlook has always insisted that the law neither did interfere nor ought to interfere with the power of removal. Such power of removal is absolutely necessary to the undivided responsibility of the heads of departments, which is the first condition of good service. No man can be justly held responsible for subordinates whom he is powerless to remove, or whom he can remove only after making specific complaints of malfeasance or inefficiency in office, and proving them to the satisfaction of an independent tribunal. The power of removal ought to be absolute and the removal instantaneous, though it might be reasonable

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to allow the office-holder to apply for a hearing, analogous to a court martial, to guard against palpable injustice. We doubt, however, whether there is any practical necessity for such a provision. What an honest civil service requires is such provisions as will prevent a superior officer from being tempted to remove a competent subordinate in order to make room for a personal or political favorite; and the provision requiring him to make his selection from a comparatively small number of persons, who have proved their competency for the appointment, either by their past efficiency in office or by an examination before a tribunal which has no political or personal interests to serve, is the best method which has yet been discovered to secure this result. Judge Cox's decision will tend to preserve the undivided responsibility of the heads of departments, without weakening the guards which protect them from temptation in making their appointments.

❀

An editorial on another page discusses the issues of the coming municipal campaign in the Greater New York as related to Mr. Low's utterances in his letter accepting the Citizens' Union nomination as Mayor. We may briefly summarize here the contents of that letter: Mr. Low at the outset reasserts his determination to accept no nomination if there were attached to it any obligation, expressed or implied, in case of election, other than the obligation of the official oath as Mayor to make the interests of the city the paramount concern in the discharge of every duty. He declares that he is a Republican and expects to remain one, but that he holds, with the Citizens' Union, that the Mayor should be free from all partisan obligations, and promises, if elected, that "the patronage of the city shall not be used, so far as it is in the Mayor's power to prevent it, for the purpose of either strengthening or weakening one party or another, or any faction of any party. I shall try to make an administration that will be honest, broad-minded, efficient and businesslike, and considerate of the interests of every citizen."

❀

Specifically, Mr. Low asserts of the Civil Service that non-partisan tests of fitness should be fairly applied, and place be dependent solely on fitness and good service; of City Home Rule, that it is vital that the city should govern itself; of Rapid Transit, that the system voted for in 1894 should be speedily completed, and communication between the boroughs in every way facilitated; of Labor, that the State laws should be administered in both spirit and letter; of Education and Commercial Interests, that these should be earnestly promoted. What Mr. Low has to say on the important subject of Public Franchises we quote entire in the editorial referred to above; of the equally important subject of the Excise question he says:

> The Raines Law, in my belief, contains the germ of an excise system far better than that which it supplanted, in that it has relieved the liquor traffic of the arbitrary control of excise boards, and has substituted for this a grant of explicit rights that can be enforced at law. Where the Raines Law fails as applied to New York it fails because it does not take into account the public sentiment of the city. New York, while characteristically an American city, is also, as the Germans say, a world-city. It is cosmopolitan in fact and cosmopolitan in sentiment. Men of every sort of upbringing must be able to live in such a city happily and naturally—of course with due regard to the rights and convictions of others. Legislators on this subject should never forget that the excise law stands midway between the laws that everybody believes in and the dead laws that nobody believes in, that the effective public sentiment behind it, locally, is the only permanent force on which to depend in its administration. For this reason, in my opinion, an excise law, so far as it affects the daily life and the habits of the people, should reflect the public opinion of the city. On such points, in case of radical differences of opinion, I should take the appeal to the people themselves. In a community like this I know of no better way to secure for an excise law the support of a public sentiment that will sustain its even enforcement.

Finally, Mr. ow reiterates his understanding that the object of those who have urged him to be a candidate is "to secure for this imperial city the opportunity to start upon its new career under an administration pledged to make the interests of the city its supreme care," and again pledges himself loyally to carry out that purpose, if elected.

❀

There has been no general spread of the yellow fever epidemic the past week in any one town. In New Orleans and at Ocean Springs there have been a few new cases, but the number of deaths has been very small, and it seems certain that the prevailing type of the disease is a rather mild one. On the other hand, several places heretofore free

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from the epidemic are beginning to report undoubted cases—Mobile, Ala., Jackson and Edwards, Miss., and one or two other towns. From Jackson a rush of fugitives took place as soon as it was sure that the dreaded disease was really present. There has been no systematic quarantine under State authority, but uninfected places are very generally enforcing a local "shot-gun" quarantine against suspected visitors. Travel and business are seriously interfered with. In Mississippi the Governor was forced to send troops to protect railroad property, which was being destroyed by a mob in Meridian who were incensed at the railway company for running trains from Jackson through Meridian at a very slow rate of speed (four miles an hour, it is said), after Meridian had refused to allow such trains to make a stop there. An early frost or even cool weather is fervently hoped for throughout the endangered regions; it is generally held that the disease cannot spread if the temperature is below 70° Fahrenheit, and that a sharp frost (not at all uncommon in the South in the early fall) always terminates an epidemic. Increased attention to sanitary conditions is now, as always, the lesson of such a pestilence.

❀

The rumor that the Bank of England has consented to keep one-fifth of its reserve in silver on certain conditions proves to be true. The conditions, as anticipated, are that France as well as the United States shall open its mints to the free coinage of silver, and that the Bank shall be enabled to purchase its silver on satisfactory terms. This step would only involve a total purchase of about $35,000,000—that is, less than the United States converted into currency yearly under the Sherman Act. By itself this would mean but a slight lessening of the demand for gold and the consequent lowness of prices. Its significance comes from the fact that this concession from the Bank of England was considered more difficult to obtain than the reopening of the Indian mints. The present distress in India—aggravated by the fall in the value of the silver in which the savings of the Hindus are stored—has made the reopening of her mints seem the inevitable accompaniment of international bimetallism in case the English Government were not absolutely hostile to that reform. The step taken by the Bank of England, after conference with the Ministry, assures the world that England is willing to co-operate with other nations in the effort to bring to an end the era of falling prices and commercial depression. That this step should be taken at the request of France as well as of the United States makes bimetallists everywhere more hopeful of the fulfillment of their desires. The fact that France alone for seventy years (1803–1873) kept silver and gold at the legal ratio, though silver was relatively more abundant than now, gives basis for the belief of bimetallists in the ability of France and the United States to restore and maintain parity between the metals. The concession of the Bank of England indicates, if not a co-operation of English financiers in a movement toward international bimetallism, at least that the attempt of other nations to re-establish a parity between gold and silver would not meet their opposition. But the fact must not be ignored that this proposition of the Bank has elicited a great deal of opposition from the conservative journals.

❀

The return to work of many thousand soft-coal miners at higher wages not only adds to the purchasing power of the people, but also benefits the coal-carrying railways, which have, almost without exception, suffered greatly from the recent labor trouble. The strike among anthracite-coal miners does not affect one-fifth as many hands as did the difficulty among the bituminous-coal workers. The market for labor elsewhere is better; according to "Dun's Review," textile mills are more fully employed than at any time in recent years. Wheat, corn, and cotton were lower in price last week because of reports indicating larger crops in each. The phenomenal exports of wheat and corn continue. To the marketing of cotton is due not only the higher rates which ruled for money last week, but also the break in sterling exchange. Exchange is now only fractionally above the gold-importing point. Speaking of gold imports, it is interesting to note that during August they exceeded exports by nearly $2,400,000. The excess of merchandise exports over imports, however, was over forty million dollars; indeed, the exports were the largest for any August on record. Of imports, those free of duty amounted to over twenty-one million dollars, an increase of half a million as against the corresponding month a year ago. The dutiable imports amounted to $18,600,000, a decrease of nearly ten mill-

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ions. For the eight months of the calendar year the value of exports has increased over sixty millions as against the same eight months in 1896, and the imports have increased over seventy-five millions. Total exports, however, for 1897 have exceeded imports by over ninety-five millions.

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Ex-President George T. Fairchild, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, has published an open letter replying to the statement recently made by the Fusion Regents defending the reorganization of the Faculty. Most appropriately, he warmly defends his colleagues who were refused re-election. Several correspondents have written us in a similar vein, one of them even declaring that the honor was "rather in being removed than in being retained." The question of public interest, however, is not that as to the qualifications of the teachers of the various sciences, but concerning the purpose of the reorganization. Regarding this President Fairchild makes one point of great importance. The men who will have entire charge of the teaching of economics under the new administration are, without exception, progressives or radicals. There is not a conservative among them. Professor Bemis, while conservative regarding Socialism, made his National reputation by exposing the extortions of gas companies. Professor Frank Parsons, while conservative respecting the free coinage of silver, made his National reputation by his championship of the public ownership of monopolies. President Will, who also is expected to teach economics, is a pronounced advocate of the free coinage of silver, and of a system of paper money so regulated as to maintain uniformity of prices. The Republicans in the Faculty may outnumber these men four to one, but the chairs occupied by the Republicans are such that they will probably have no opportunity to express their views on economics in the class-room. Inasmuch as the new administration disclaims all desire to make the State college a partisan institution, it should prove its sincerity by having at least one Professor to expound the Republican views respecting economic questions. A State college should not have even the appearance of a partisan institution.

❀

President Andrews, of Brown University, last week withdrew his resignation as President, stating that arrangements had been made by which he could devote his entire time to the interests of the institution. The attitude of the Board of Trustees as expressed at their recent meeting was entirely satisfactory to him, and he had insisted upon his resignation only because he had engaged to give the greater part of his time to the Cosmopolitan University. Now that he is released from these obligations, he gladly resumes his old work. The announcement was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the students at Brown, and in this enthusiasm all friends of the liberty of teaching will share. The manliness of President Andrews's attitude, and the cordial support he received from educators and newspapers opposed to his political creed, will both make for the dignity and influence of American professorships and tend to prevent factional bitterness from perpetuating in our democracy one of the worst evils of the old despotism.

❀

Interesting information concerning the Klondike accompanies the seventeenth annual report of the British Columbia Board of Trade, just issued at Victoria. Gold was first discovered in the Yukon basin in 1881, but there has been comparatively little excitement about mining claims until a year ago. As yet no paying deposits of gold have been found in the main river itself, the rich placers being upon its tributaries. Of the routes thither, after the mention of those now in use, we are not surprised to find a commendation of the proposed one by the Stickeen River, as it will have the advantage of being wholly in British territory. Though the mouth of the river is in United States territory, British subjects have the same right to navi gate it as American citizens. The river is navigable for steamers of light draught a hundred and twenty-five miles from its mouth. While the current is swift, there are no rapids, properly so called. The river is open for navigation from the end of April to the end of November. The distance from the head of navigation of the Stickeen to Lake Teslin, the source of the Hootalinqua River, is about a hundred and fifty miles, and a company has already been incorporated to build a railway over this portion of the route. We would add that surveys are also about to be made for a line, a hundred and sixty miles long, running from the head of Taku Inlet to Lake Teslin. The Canadian Government is

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actively interesting itself in the development of the Klondike. It has submitted formal proposals to our own Government to establish communication by the construction of a telegraph line from the head of navigation on the Lynn Canal into the center of the Klondike district. It is also urging upon us the expediency of jointly building a permanent route giving access to the interior at all seasons of the year. The route recommended would start from the head of winter navigation on the Lynn Canal, crossing the mountains by the White Pass, and thence to Fort Selkirk. The Canadian Government signifies its intention to erect suitable places for shelter at intervals of from forty to fifty miles along the line, and to keep up dog trains during the winter months for the conveyance of the mail to and from the interior.

❀

In transmitting to Secretary Gage an official report on the Klondike region, the Canadian Minister of the Interior says that his object in so doing is not to induce miners to go to that remote country at the present time. He declares that, until better means of communication are established, any one undertakes serious risks in going thither unless he has sufficient resources to tide over the long winter. After this month egress from the country is practically impossible until June, and a person who has not been successful in locating a paying claim has to depend for his subsistence upon finding employment. While wages are at times abnormally high, the labor market will be easily overstocked. Many intending miners are now returning from Dyea and Skaguay frightened at the prospect. On the trails packers are charging from forty to sixty cents a pound—a prohibitory price as far as a poor man is concerned. Most of the miners cannot get their outfits over before winter closes in, and snow is already falling. It is said that there are now eight thousand men and three thousand pack-animals along the trails. Relief seems to be already needed, and it may soon be needed on a large scale. Our Treasury Department has published a letter received from a Government official, which should be read by all who are suffering from Klondike fever: "I have talked with some of the most experienced traders and miners in this vicinity, and they are unanimous in the prediction that not over twenty per cent. of this vast number will get through to Dawson before winter sets in. The other eighty per cent. will be caught on the trail, and those who survive and get back to tidewater will have to winter at Skaguay or return south. If the rush continues two weeks longer, hundreds will inevitably perish on the trail, which is extremely dangerous after the first of October. Nearly every vessel that arrives here brings twice as many passengers as the law allows it to carry, and many of them are condemned craft which have been fitted up for this trade." Captain Lee, the correspondent of the London "Chronicle," says that through the White Pass there is no trail worthy of the name, except that which is marked by dead animals and piles of derelict baggage. Those who finally arrive at Dawson must expect to find stores closed because there is no more food to sell. Such a condition exists to some extent already.

❀

At last, after what at one time seemed literally interminable diplomatic backing and filling, a treaty between Greece and Turkey has actually been signed at Constantinople. The Constitution of Greece requires the treaty to be ratified by the Chamber, but this will doubtless be soon accomplished. It is stipulated that the Sultan shall begin the withdrawal of troops from Thessaly a month from the date of the signing of the treaty. Already the Sultan (in conversation with the Italian Ambassador to the Porte) has begun to urge that his meekness in not insisting on absolutely crushing Greece should inure to his benefit in the approaching settlement of the Cretan question! After what has passed it would seem that the honor of the Powers was pledged to Cretan autonomy. It is to be hoped that they will adhere to the position taken by them before the outbreak of the war. The full details of the treaty just signed have not been made public. The most important condition we have heretofore outlined—namely, the pledging of Greece's revenues as security for the payment of bonds through which the indemnity to Turkey will be obtained. A council or commission, consisting of one representative from each of the Great Powers, will control the customs receipts until this is accomplished. In territory Turkey nominally gains little, but the establishing of the "strategic frontier" just south of the Khassia Mountains practically deprives Greece of a military frontier, and leaves her open to attack from the north. In mili-

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tary prestige and actual power Turkey has gained enormously from the war. The European statesmen who before the war confidently predicted that Constantinople must pass from the Turk in a few years, if not in a few months, are no longer so sure of the fact; many of them think now that the hour of opportunity has been allowed to pass, and that the fall of the Turkish power is indefinitely postponed.

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The advance of the British forces against the hill tribes met with a check last week at a point called Camp Anayat. An entire brigade of General Sir Bindon Blood's troops attacked the enemy, who occupied an intrenched position of great strength. The fighting was severe, and many instances are reported of splendid courage on the part of the Sikhs who formed a large part of the British attacking column. In the end they were driven back, with a total British loss of one hundred and forty killed and wounded. The moral effect of this repulse, it is feared, will be great, and though the repulse will probably be soon retrieved, the news of a British reverse will spread through the hill country which is already swarming with the enemy, and lead to their receiving recruits in great numbers. Earlier in the week Fort Gulistan in the Samana country was relieved. It had been gallantly defended against fierce and repeated assaults by the Afridis; its little garrison of less than two hundred men held many thousands of the tribesmen at arm's length for thirty-six hours.

❀

The London "Chronicle" contains the important announcement that the Emperor of Russia has decided to abolish the punishment known as Siberian exile. Officials will no longer have the power of banishing those who offend against the laws governing the administration of communal property. Instead of banishment, the offenders will be imprisoned in Russia, and large institutions are about to be erected to serve this end. If this grand change of policy has been dictated by Nicholas II., his name will go down with honor to a grateful posterity. Another English journal makes the pertinent comment that the abolishment of transportation is necessary to the progress of any country. Nicholas II. has undoubtedly noted the fact that Australia did not advance in civilization until transportation was abolished. We know at least that he has a firm belief in the as yet hardly developed resources of Siberia—a belief which he formed at the time of his journey some years since through the vast Asiatic province to the Pacific coast. The more hopeful among the Russians say that Siberian development will enrich Russia as much as the development of the West has prospered America. Be this as it may, we know that Nicholas II. will now better realize what can be expected from Siberian development than would have been possible some years since, when a Czar of Russia was not recognized as being at the head of the European concert. It is perfectly evident that the Czar's desire for peace has this great material consideration behind it, as well as the other considerations of armament completion and Chinese exploitation. Russia is far from being ready for war, but, with her patient persistence, "unhasting" as well as "unresting," she will be wonderfully ready for war some day, and that war may result in a European, perhaps a world, conflagration.

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Other evidences of Nicholas II.'s reversal of a traditional Russian policy are not wanting. They do him infinite credit, and show him to be possessed of a keen sense of his great responsibility. He has just promulgated a ukase prohibiting, under severe penalties, any form of labor on Sunday or on the fourteen chief feast-days of the orthodox calendar. Thus the laboring population is assured of sixty-six legal days of rest a year. Nor is this all. Henceforth eleven hours are to constitute the maximum working day for adults, but children will not be permitted under any circumstances to work more than eight hours a day. The adult working day on Saturday is to be limited to ten hours. Turning to religion, we greet other ukases of equal importance with the first. They concede liberty of another sort, it is true, but liberty no less dear to the human heart and soul. The Czar has canceled his father's order which decreed that every non-orthodox person in Russia who married an orthodox person should sign a document declaring that the children of such a union would be baptized and educated in the orthodox faith. The ukase of the young Czar permits children of mixed marriages to be educated in the religion of their parents—sons in that of their father and daughters in that of their mother,

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Even more important has been the Czar's removal of the restrictions against the Roman Catholic faith in the province of Poland. To-day every parish has its priest and every diocese its bishop. The Orthodox are no more free to practice their religion than are the Roman Catholics. Furthermore, six months ago, Nicholas II. contended that the Polish rebellion of 1863 had already been sufficiently atoned for, and that the time had come when Poland's rights and privileges then forfeited could be safely restored. Hence he appointed his intimate friend, Prince Imeretinski, as Governor-General of Warsaw, instructing him to proceed upon a general plan of reconciliation, and to eliminate from the public service any official who, by word or act, should obstruct that good work.

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Through a special ukase, Nicholas II. started the reconciliation by abolishing the ten per cent. tax on rents. This widespread relief has endeared him to those who have hitherto only cursed the Russian ruler. The Czar's next ordinance was to restore municipal government to those Polish towns which had been deprived of it after 1863. He also decreed the establishment of *zemstvos*, or county councils. Prince Imeretinski found the censor of the Polish press even more oppressive than the arbitrary censor at St. Petersburg. With the approval of Nicholas II., the Governor-General reversed these circumstances, and the Polish press now enjoys greater liberty than that of the rest of Russia. There was another censor at Warsaw—the censor of plays—who also came under the Governor-General's notice; the censor could neither speak nor read Polish. Great was the astonishment and delight of the people when this absurd official censor was replaced by the Imperial appointment of M. Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," Poland's greatest living novelist. Before the arrival of Prince Imeretinski, Professor Chomelowski had been arrested for secretly lecturing on Polish history, but the Prince ordered his unconditional release, saying that the Poles should be instructed in the history of their country. For a long time it has been a matter of complaint that the Imperial Government had forbidden the erection of a memorial to the Polish national poet, Mickiewicz. The Governor-General declared, however, that Mickiewicz was as much entitled to a statue as any other great poet, even if he had attacked all things Russian so fiercely that no Russian Governor of the ordinary type could look favorably upon the erection of a monument. As Prince Imeretinski was not a Governor of this kind, he promptly authorized the erection of a statue. Taking it all in all, it would seem as if Nicholas II. had prepared and carried out a kind of Polish millennium. No wonder that on his visit to Warsaw the other day he found the entire city magnificently decorated, and passed under half a dozen triumphal arches on the way to his palace. No wonder that he was greeted by an outburst of genuine popular enthusiasm such as has never before been given to a Russian Czar.

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The workings of the referendum in Switzerland have for our people a peculiar value as an object-lesson, for there are many times in our history when not only the referendum but the initiative might have been introduced with beneficial results. The two amendments to the Swiss Federal Constitution recently submitted to a popular vote were, first, to enable the Swiss Parliament to pass general forest laws for the entire country; second, to enable it to deal with the adulteration of food. Both were adopted by large majorities. The first amendment was justified from the fact that in some of the more backward cantons cattle used to be allowed to range freely and eat the young shoots of the trees. Opposition to the second was aroused because of a supposition that it might open the way to a disguised protectionism, and, again, because some believed that more room for experiment would be afforded by the separate cantons than by the general Government. The most striking feature of the referendum movement in Switzerland, however, and one with which we should speedily be brought face to face in this country, is that about two-thirds of the whole electorate abstained from voting, and this in spite of the law in some cantons making voting compulsory. A correspondent of the London "Speaker" writes that hardly more than one-sixth recorded their votes in the canton of Geneva. He ascribes this abstention to the fact that the vote was taken on a Sunday in the summer, and the Swiss likes to begin his holiday with the dawn.

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One of the most important objects of Li Hung Chang's tour around the world was to

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obtain the consent of the nations to an increase by China of her foreign tariff rates. Just what success the astute old statesman obtained is not yet known, but it is said that Great Britain agreed to his proposition on the condition that the "likin," or provincial tariff, be abolished. Chinese imports and exports pay a tariff duty, but before produce from the interior enters foreign hands and before any extra-provincial produce enters native hands provincial duty must also be paid. While the customs duties form the chief part of China's total revenue, the "likin" is a not inconsiderable contributor, and would be much greater but for the fact that the various viceroys and mandarins are entirely free to squeeze as much as they like from the people. Besides the foreign customs duties and the provincial duties, there are land, salt, and rice taxes, the native customs, and the license system. No part of the revenue is published except that coming from maritime customs and the opium "likin." Under the new treaty between China and Japan greater freedom will be allowed to foreign traders and manufacturers, but Li Hung Chang says that they should contribute to the necessities of the Chinese exchequer. He proposes to allow the various viceroys to arrange the duties leviable at the place of production on Chinese produce, but with regard to machinery-manufactures to tax all at the rate of ten per cent. ad valorem. If he obtains the consent of the nations for an increase of the customs duties, the nations will insist in return on abolishing the "likin;" if the present system continues, the Chinese Foreign Office may obtain its victory by taxing manufactures in China.

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The negotiations now in progress between an English syndicate and the Chinese Government for an indemnity loan of eighty million dollars would indicate a continuance of the present system, as it is announced that the proposed issue is to be secured not only on the foreign customs, but also on the "likin" and the salt revenues. However, there may be thus an admission of the right of European control of the "likin." Hitherto the Chinese Government has resented any proposition to put the "likin" under a control similar to the one so long and successfully administered by that admirable officer, Sir Robert Hart. It seems strange that British investors should be willing to invest in a new Chinese loan on scant security. There are already a number of small loans secured upon the Chinese customs revenue. In addition to these, a Russo-Chinese loan of eighty million dollars was recently raised in France, and bears only four per cent. interest, whereas some of the previous Chinese loans bore six and even seven per cent. However, the loan negotiated in France has the guarantee of the Russian Government, and under the excitement prevailing during the ardent courtship of Russia by France the former country was not slow to use the latter for its own material advantage. Last year the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, in combination with the Deutsche Bank, brought out a double loan, aggregating another eighty million dollars. The total amount of debt already secured upon the customs revenue is about two hundred million dollars—a sufficient explanation of the demand for some other security. By reason of political and commercial advantages recently gained, Russia practically controls northern China. She will control the Government itself in case there should be a default in interest payments on her eighty-million loan. England might now gain a similar control but for the fact that it is far easier to collect foreign customs than to collect internal taxes. In order to assure success to the latter collection there must be the presence of a large military force at the disposal of foreign control in the various provinces. Even China would rebel at that.

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It is semi-officially announced that Dr. R. S. Storrs will decline a re-election to the Presidency of the American Board at the approaching meeting in New Haven. The reason is understood not to be any difference of opinion between him and the Board respecting either past or prospective issues, but the necessity which he is under of seeking some relief from the various duties of a too busy life. He has, it ought to be added, succeeded in carrying the Board through a trying controversy without a secession from its membership, and has a right to ask that a younger man should now take the labor involved in the duties of so responsible an office. Among the names which have been suggested as possible candidates are those of the Hon. Nelson Dingley, of Maine, the Hon. S. B. Capen, of Boston, Mr. Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, the Rev. Washington Gladden, of Ohio, and the Rev. F. A. Noble, of Chicago. Without entering

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upon any discussion of persons, it may be legitimate for us to express an opinion upon the characteristics for which the Board should look. Often, in such a case, the Society in seeking for a presiding officer looks for one whose National reputation will bring added dignity to the organization. In the case of the American Board this is not necessary; it needs no indorser. What it does need is a man of affairs, interested in foreign missions, with sound judgment, wide outlook, conservative spirit but modern mind, and some leisure, possessed or attainable, so that he could really give thought to the work of the Board. The secretaries of such an organization are almost necessarily occupied incessantly with details of administration and would welcome the practical co-operation of a President who could occasionally meet with them, and who, freed from such details, could bring to the organization the benefits which would accrue from the larger view and the more leisurely mind. It is said that the executive officers have no candidate and are leaving the responsibility with the corporate members, where it belongs; in this they are showing practical wisdom. The future of the American Board may depend in considerable measure upon the wisdom shown in the selection of a successor to Dr. Storrs.

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Mr. Low's Platform

We give on another page an abstract of Mr. Low's letter accepting the nomination of the Citizens' Union to the Mayoralty of New York City. The principles which Mr. Low states in this letter, with his accustomed clearness, and the issues which the letter raises in the approaching election, are such as concern all the great cities in the United States. Whether Mr. Low is elected or not, the thanks of the country are due to him for his clear enunciation of these principles, which are as certain eventually to triumph in American municipal administration as were the principles of the Republican party when it was first organized, and had arrayed against itself the party leaders and the vested interests of its time. These essential principles are three in number: the administration of the city government solely for the benefit of the city; home rule; and the control of its franchises by the city and compensation to the city therefor.

I. Mr. Low was among the first to call attention to the fact that the city of New York has for a century suffered because in municipal elections its interests have been subordinated to those of State and National political parties. He was among the first in recent times to urge the severance of municipal from State and National elections. And although no other nominations have yet been made, it is safe to say that he is the only candidate in the approaching election who will represent this principle. If the Republican party makes a separate nomination, it will be avowedly to preserve the Republican organization, and to promote the National policies of protection to American industry and the maintenance of our present coinage system. It is not improbable that there will be three Democratic candidates in the field; if so, one will represent gold monometallism, one free silver coinage, and one Tammany. The only party organized on a purely municipal issue, and inviting the co-operation of all citizens on those issues, is the Citizens' Union. The statement of Mr. Low that it is the obligation of the Mayor "to make the interests of the city the paramount concern in the discharge of every duty," ought to be regarded as an axiom. Judging, however, from the reports of interviews, public speeches, and political editorials, it is regarded by some leaders of political organizations, if not of political parties, as the paramount duty of the Mayor to conserve the political organization which nominates him, and to strengthen it for future State and National elections. The question—if it can be called a question—which of these ought to be the paramount concern of the Mayor is the most fundamental issue in the present campaign. The citizens of a great city like New York may not get all they want; but there is no good reason to think that they will get what they do not want. If they want in a municipal election to strengthen the cause of free silver or gold monometallism, of free trade or protection, and are willing to take such city government as they may chance to get, they should certainly vote for their party candidate. But if they want in the municipal election to secure an honest, efficient, and economical administration of the business of the city, they can expect this only as they are willing to unite, with all other citizens who desire the same thing, in an endeavor to elect a Mayor who promises to make this his paramount concern.

II. Mr. Low notes the fact that "the city

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of New York will have a population larger than that of most of the States of the Union, and larger than that of all the colonies combined when they issued their Declaration of Independence." He stands for the principle that these more than three millions of people should be allowed that right of self-government which our American institutions recognize as the prerogative of all local communities, except, singularly enough, the great cities. What he means by Home Rule he makes very clear by applying the principle to our excise laws. "An excise law," he says, "so far as it affects the daily life and the habits of the people, should reflect the public opinion of the city;" and he adds that, as Mayor, "in case of radical differences of opinion, I should take the appeal to the people themselves." This is explicit, and, in our judgment, inherently and essentially right. Such an appeal might give to us much freer liquor-selling than we have now; it might give us liquor-saloons open part of the time or all of the time on Sunday. Whatever the result, we should still insist that the principle is right. The people of the city of New York are wise enough and virtuous enough to determine for themselves this question, and all kindred questions of local concern. There is no reason why the questions should be determined for them by the people of St. Lawrence County.

Simple as this principle is, fundamental as its recognition is to our National life, it has been denied by the State in its dealings with all our great cities. It has been taken for granted that the corruption and ignorance due to foreign population are so great that the cities cannot be trusted to govern themselves, and government has been administered over them by the State Legislature. The only result has been to widen the corruption and increase the misgovernment. It is, indeed, probable that Tammany will announce the principle of Home Rule; it is even possible that the Republican organization may do the same. But parties, like men, are to be judged by their deeds; both the Democratic and the Republican parties have recently had control of New York State, and have had an opportunity to extend the principle of Home Rule over the cities; and both parties have, we will not say flagrantly disregarded, but rather openly and frankly disavowed, the principle. If, therefore, the citizens of New York desire Home Rule, they should emphasize their desire by voting for and with the party which announces this as the second of its three fundamental principles. It is true that the election of Mr. Low will not of itself secure self-government for the city, but it will be a necessary first step in that direction, since the State Legislature cannot be expected to give the right of self-government to a municipality which by its vote has declared that it does not desire that right, but desires its affairs administered primarily in the interests of State and National politics.

III. The third fundamental principle for which Mr. Low and the Citizens' Union stand is thus stated by Mr. Low:

> As to the public franchises, the Greater New York Charter practically embodies the doctrine that the city shall not part with the ownership of its franchises, but shall lease them for limited periods, subject to occasional revision of the terms. I think legislation should be had, however, in addition to the Charter, that will enable the city to treat every consent to a change of power by street railroads as a new franchise. It is utterly unreasonable that because of defective legislation these valuable grants should continue to be given away without compensation to the city. As matters now stand, these consents are granted by the State Railroad Commission, and the city is deprived of all opportunity to secure a return for them, either by way of a money payment or by imposing conditions calculated to secure a service thoroughly in the interest of the public.

It is in the enunciation of this principle that the secret of Mr. Platt's opposition to the Republican indorsement of Mr. Low's nomination is to be found. Mr. Platt is the President of a great corporation. He is personally and pecuniarily interested in maintaining the present system, in which great privileges are bestowed on great corporations, either without any compensation or with compensation wholly inadequate. It is a matter of common notoriety that when the Republican party is in power, the great corporations which are dependent on municipal and legislative action for favors are accustomed to make political contributions to the Republican party through Mr. Platt, while when the Democratic party is in power they make similar contributions to that organization through Mr. Croker. Any plan which looks toward the ownership of city franchises by the city, short leases, and a participation by the city in the profits which they bring, if not the control of the franchises themselves, is certain to enlist the bitter hostility of both Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker, and of the political machines of which they are respectively the bosses. Any demand, in either the Tam-

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many or the Republican platform, analogous to this paragraph in Mr. Low's letter, can be regarded only as a tribute which political vice pays to virtue. It is as certain that a vote against Mr. Low in the pending election will be a vote to continue the present tribute which the citizens of New York pay to the street-railway corporations as it is that the election of Mr. Low will be a first and a very practical step toward bringing that tribute to an end.

Such seem to us to be the issues in the approaching campaign. We have said nothing of the character of Mr. Low, or of that of his possible competitors. If we assume that they are as incorruptible, as intellectually able, and as experienced as he is, it still remains true that a vote for him will be a vote for dissevering municipal from State and National politics, for self-government in the city, and for the control of the municipal franchises by the municipality; and that a vote against him will be a vote to preserve the subordination of municipal interests to State and National issues, to continue the habitual interference in the government of the municipality by rural legislators, and to leave the management of and the profits from the street railroads in the hands of private corporations.

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The Church Campaign

The Chicago "Advance" has a suggestive editorial on the importance of forming a definite campaign for the winter's work in the church. A captain who roams about the country shooting the enemy wherever he happens to find him never wins a decisive victory; a merchant who has no other idea of business than to buy goods at haphazard and sell them to such customers as chance may send him never makes a fortune; a farmer who sows the seed which his father sowed before him, without inquiring what are the needs of his own time and what the possibilities of his own soil, remains in poverty. But we are persuaded that there is not a little church work which is not more intelligent than such operations would be. Our readers may remember how Mr. Winkle did his shooting: he aimed his gun in the air, shut his eyes, and pulled the trigger; and on one occasion did really bring down a brace of birds. Mr. Winkle is not infrequently met with in the pulpit.

The preacher should have a definite plan of campaign laid out before he begins his winter's pulpit work. He should consider what are the special needs of his church and community, and should form a systematic plan for ministering to them. Is his community over-emotional? does it treat religion as a succession of emotions? does it separate the religious and the secular? does it pray eloquently, and sing loudly, and listen decorously, and at the same time wink at corruption in politics and at dishonesty in business? Then let him seek out such texts as "What doth the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" or such epitomes of the law as that which Christ gives, as love to God and love to man. Let him dwell Sunday after Sunday on the truth that a religion that is not harnessed to the daily life, that does not reform the daily conduct, that does not make men more patriotic in the community, more honorable in business, more gracious in society, more considerate in the family, more generous in all relations, is no religion at all. Is the condition in the community the reverse of this? is his church becoming a mere Society of Ethical Culture? is the Gospel regarded as a mere set of rules for the regulation of conduct? is the spirit of devotion dying out of the church, the attendance on the prayer-meetings diminishing, and family prayers falling into general disuse? Let him pursue exactly the reverse course; let him present the divine side of religious truth; let him dwell on the first of the two commandments rather than on the second; let him so preach as to "make God big and man little"—sermons the object of which will be to cultivate a spirit of reverence and humility. Is his church resting on the past? is it afraid of all progress and all change? is it inclined to live in tradition and to condemn all doubting and all questioning of ancient creeds, and so all true thinking? Let him take for his clue the duty of progress, and for his text "Prove all things." Is it, on the contrary, fever-stricken with the spirit of the Athenians? is it always looking out, not for the truth, but only for the news? Let him take for his text "Seek the old paths;" let him show that the only spirit of inquiry which is of any value is that which inquires to some purpose, and, having proved some things, holds fast to that which is good; in brief, let him preach not a reactionary but a conservative doctrine. We are not counseling him to lay out a series of sermons or to announce to his people what

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he is about to do. That is sometimes wise and sometimes otherwise. We only urge him to remember that a single sermon accomplishes very little; that it is constant dropping that wears away the stone; and that the best results in the pulpit are generally achieved by acting on the motto "Line upon line and precept upon precept." Only, he must see to it that his repetition does not become tiresome, and that he avoids monotony in form while he is securing the effects of repetition in doctrine.

But it is not only in preaching that the minister should lay out a well-considered campaign; he should also plan his campaign in church work. What will you do with your Sunday-school this year? what with your prayer-meetings? what with your social gatherings? what with your own pastoral calling? The minister ought to be able to write these questions down, and opposite each question to write a definite answer. Preaching, Sunday-school, prayer-meetings, social meetings, and pastoral calling all ought to converge upon one objective point. This may be the bringing into the church the unchurched, or the conversion of those already in the congregation, or the spiritual awakening of the young in the Sunday-school, to which the pastor looks for the chief additions to the church, or the deepening of the spiritual life of the church members, or to the defining of their too hazy and nebulous faiths. But it cannot profitably be all in one season. He who undertakes to do everything in one year ends by doing nothing at all. Are both the church and the community dead? The pastor must decide whether he will endeavor to arouse the community through the church or the church through the community. Do his young people have a monopoly of enthusiasm, and are his older members "dead and alive"? He must find a way to use the enthusiasm which exists in kindling enthusiasm where now there is none. On the other hand, is there a quiet but real spiritual life among the older members of the church which is offended by the noisy simulation of enthusiasm among the young? He must find a way to teach the latter that it is the fire that glows, not the fire that crackles, which really furnishes warmth. In short, if the minister returns to his fall work with no other results from his vacation than a physical recuperation; returns to preach whatever happens to come into his head, and to put his shoulder to the wheel to push the dragging prayer-meeting along the old ruts in the old and dry sand, to call on the families in rote, beginning in the alphabet where he left off last spring, to grumble at the separation between the young people and their elders, without having formed any well-considered plan to heal the widening breach—if, in short, he enters on his fall work without any campaign planned to meet the peculiar exigencies of his particular parish, he need not wonder if at the end of the season he has nothing to show to himself, his people, or his Lord, as the fruit of his labors, however industrious and however devoted he may have been.

If the pastor cannot write down on paper his plan of campaign, if it is not definite enough for that purpose, it is quite time that he set himself to work to form a plan sufficiently definite to be so written down. Better, if necessary, leave the new books unread, and preach old sermons, until he has studied his field and out of his study evolved a plan. For permanent victories are won, not by mere fighting, but by campaigning.

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The Life of the Spirit

The Hills of God

The story is told of a teacher in a little school in the Highlands of Scotland, about whom the terrified pupils gathered during a terrific storm, and whose radiant face led one of the children to ask why she smiled. "Because I love to think that it is my God who thunders," was the instant reply. There was a time when most men dreaded the deep mountain valleys and the lonely mountain summits; but a larger knowledge of Nature, born not only of fuller investigation but of deeper love, has wrought a revolution of feeling, and men flee to the mountains to-day as to the fastnesses of the spirit, finding in their solitude and majesty a new sense of the nearness of the Infinite. In all times men of religious genius and aspiration have sought in the silence of the hills places of adoration and communion for which the crowded streets of cities made no room. To be alone with God one must separate himself at times from men. It was on a lonely mountain summit that one of the greatest spiritual leaders who has yet appeared heard and recorded those words in obedience to which individual and racial characters reach their highest levels; it was in a solitary place that Christ fought in lonely vigils that battle

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with temptation from which he returned sinless and victorious to be the Saviour of the race; it was in another solitude, more tragic and desolate, that he drank the final cup of suffering and made ready for the supreme sacrifice.

Nature has many aspects, and God is behind them all; but the mass and grandeur, the vast solitudes and deep recesses in the heart of the hills, are, in a peculiar sense, the inner shrine where He waits for those who come, worn and confused, from the noise and strife of the world. Here the sounds of man's struggle are lost in His peace; here the fever of desire and the agitation of emotion are calmed in His silence. The great hills, purple with heather or green with moss, rise peak beyond peak in sublime procession; the mountain streams run dark and cool through dim and hidden channels, singing that song without words which is sweet with all purity and fresh with the cleanness of the untrodden heights. Through the narrow passes one walks with a silent joy, born of a renewed sense of relationship with the sublime order of the world, and of a fresh communion with the Spirit of which all visible things are the symbol and garment. The tranquil lakes gather into themselves a beauty which speaks to the innermost soul and liberates the imagination for that insight and vision which, in distant places and amid alien sights and sounds, are to bring back the peace of this silent world. Under fair skies the clouds drift over the summits, and lay their fleeting shadows softly and tenderly on the distant slopes. On dark days the mists gather in the uplands, roll down through the higher valleys, and sweep in endless procession across the landscape, concealing and then revealing a new and wonderful world, in which earth and sky are magically commingled. Through these parting and closing clouds—summits wrapped in soft draperies until they are like peaks of submerged continents, and then silently reunited as if a new earth were making—the mountains gain their most mysterious and impressive beauty. Then the rain begins to fall gently on the far slopes, steals like a vast veil across the valleys, blurs the sharp outlines, and blends the whole scene in a soft and subdued harmony of form and color and atmosphere.

One remembers that these same hills have been the fastnesses of the persecuted and the suffering; that here some of the loftiest heroisms in the history of the race have been enacted. In lonely defiles and on secluded stretches of moss overlooking the mountain passes the Holy Communion has been taken by those who counted life of no worth if the faith might be kept. The place seems made for such heroisms, and, even in these gentler days when men no longer suffer death for the right to worship in their own way and according to their own consciences, one feels that such martyrdoms are still possible. And this is perhaps the greatest service which the hills of God render to him who seeks them with an open mind and heart. Their grandeur silently dispels one's skepticism in the possible greatness of man's life. In a world where such heights rise in lonely majesty, the soul, to which they speak with voices so manifold and so eloquent, feels anew the divinity which shapes its destiny, and gains a fresh faith in the things that are unseen and eternal. From these summits the clouds no sooner gather than they fall apart, and the heavens are serene and calm and full of unsearchable splendor. Not even the stain of blood can remain here; and the fury of the storm is forgotten in the deeper music of the streams which it has fed.

Here, amid the hills, the sublime thought of eternity broods like a mist which gathers far beyond the vision of man and sweeps silently down to nourish the low-lying fields and carry plenty to countless granaries and food to the throngs in distant cities. Out of the heat and dust of those cities one comes back to these reservoirs and fountains of fresh verdure and exhaustless fertility; out of the skepticisms and dimmed vision of those cities one comes back also to the shrines where the earth offers its sacrifice and burns its incense, to find, in the silence and solitude, Eternity visibly and sublimely symbolized. Here Nature is the garment of God, and man's life, recreated in vision and faith, rises like the hills in peace and purity to those heavens which give it beauty and fertility and spiritual significance.

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Frank!

[From the New York "Sun," September 17]

The Citizens' Union candidate carefully informs the public that he is acting "in the fear of God."

This is not a company into which Republicans can enter.

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The Spectator

Far be it from the Spectator to attempt to decide whether "servare" or "servire" is the truly good Latin word for the motto of the Order of the Cincinnati, or whether the committee in charge of the Shaw Monument "made a break" in using a motto which contained a bad Latin word, if "servare" be such a word. Nevertheless, as an American the Spectator points with pride to the fact that in no other city in America, and perhaps in no other city in the world, could a discussion of accurate Latinity have raged with the same impressive earnestness that it has in Boston. Here is a tribute to the classical superiority of Boston which is perhaps worth even the cost of bad Latin in its most distinguished inscription.

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The incident reminded the Spectator—such is sometimes the curious result of the association of ideas—of a college pun of many (the Spectator will not say how many) years ago. The class was reading Cicero, an author who gave the tutor in charge opportunity to indulge in little homilies, often drawn from far-fetched texts. On this occasion (it was just after a victory at baseball had been traditionally celebrated) the tutor put on his gravest expression and in solemnest tones inquired of the student who was reciting: "Mr. Smith, which of these two words, 'contemnere' or 'despicere,' would you apply to young men so selfishly oblivious to the proprieties and the rights of their neighbors as to light bonfires in dangerous proximity to buildings on the college campus?" Quick as thought the student replied: "I should, sir, use 'contemnere'—to make light of." Needless to add, the clever pun brought down the house, and that tutor showed that he was human by joining in the laugh. He afterwards said that it was the only occasion in six years of service in that college where he gave a student the maximum mark for perfection in recitation.

❀

Turning from Latin to English, the Spectator may record a "bad break" he discovered not long ago on a tombstone in the graveyard of a country town in Connecticut. The slab was erected to the memory of a faithful wife and mother who had reared a numerous family according to the best traditions of New England. Her career is thus summarized in an epitaph of five words: "She done what she could." The blunder has not even the excuse of age to redeem it, as the slab was erected less than ten years ago.

❀

The Spectator, who was wheeling the other day by the cemetery with a friend (a woman), stopped to show it, to illustrate the possibilities of bad grammar immortalized in monumental stone even in this day of universal education and compulsory common schools. The friend did not seem as deeply impressed as the Spectator expected, and remarked: "You know the Bible contains a great deal of bad grammar." In vain the Spectator pointed out to her that the text was evidently the familiar one, "She hath done what she could," and that the blundering engraver had dropped out the "hath" without discovery by any of the deceased woman's family. The friend was not convinced, and actually went home and hunted her Bible through to find the phrase without the "hath." When the Spectator last heard, his friend was still hunting.

❀

All of which goes to show how easy it is—something everybody has noted—to impose on the Biblical credulity of the average person if the form of words is only sufficiently imposing. In what he supposed was a merry mood, a friend of the Spectator once closed a letter to a friend, a boarding-school girl, with the words: "As you know, 'A bold front is better than a barrel of beer'" (Tim. xxv., 57), and that girl actually looked for it in the Bible!

❀

But "breaks" are by no means confined to the average person or to alleged quotations from the Bible and Shakespeare. Within the year the Spectator read an article by a leading Professor of a leading university, contributed to a leading magazine, in which the Professor, in discussing the campaign of 1884, described with great minuteness of detail a speech of Roscoe Conkling made in behalf of James G. Blaine. The circumstances under which Mr. Conkling was induced to make the speech, the way in which he made it (ignoring the name of the candidate for whom it was made), its reception by the audience, and the comments of the newspapers the next day, were all given as statements of unassailable fact. Any one who is fairly well posted in the personalities of recent political history would of course recog-

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nize at a glance the blunder of the learned Professor.

❀

The Spectator was merciful. He did not rush into print to "call down" the inaccuracy of the Professor. He simply wrote a letter directing the Professor's attention to the mistake, and suggesting that probably he had in mind the speech which Senator Edmunds delivered in that campaign. The Professor's reply now lies before the Spectator. He acknowledges that the speech that misled him was the one Conkling delivered when "he had been reluctantly won over to the support of Garfield as a result of the famous conference at Mentor," confused in his recollection with the speech of Senator Edmunds referred to. The Professor's excuse is that his duties as a college instructor so fully occupied his time that what he wrote for magazines had to be written in haste, depending on the accuracy of his memory for his facts, without a chance for their verification. Incidentally the Professor added, apropos of a remark of the Spectator: "I quite agree with your contention that, on the whole, newspaper writers are remarkably correct, considering the haste in which they are obliged to work"—an acknowledgment which the Spectator throws in as a makeweight on the other side when so much is being said, not without justice, of the inaccuracy of newspapers.

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The Spectator tells the incident as an example of the many blunders that might be detected in articles by eminent men, were they read in the same critical spirit which loves to discover slight inaccuracies in articles not protected by an eminent name, such as accounts of happenings in a newspaper. As has been said, or perhaps suggested, the Spectator does not purpose to expose this particular Professor to the perhaps deserved punishment of his carelessness by even hinting at his identity. On the whole, is it not better that we should believe in the infallibility of men with great names than that we should be constantly watching with detective eye for some slip or blunder? Is there not, on the whole, far too little regard for authority here in America—the authority of the great name as well as the authority of the great place?

❀

This, at any rate, was the view of the late Samuel Bowles, the founder of the Springfield "Republican." This appears in a characteristic story, probably the invention of a friend who knew Mr. Bowles's view, and wanted to give it a humorously exaggerated form. The "Republican" on one occasion, so this story goes, announced the suicide of a certain man in a town adjacent to Springfield. The next day the man came into the "Republican" office, with blood in his eye, to demand a retraction from Mr. Bowles. It was refused. "It is a good deal better that the public should think that you are a suicide," Mr. Bowles is reported as having said, "than that it should find that the 'Republican' is capable of making such a blunder. Faith in the 'Republican' is of much more importance to the community than a mistaken idea about an incident touching you personally." Mr. Bowles did afterwards recede far enough from this somewhat ultra position to say that the "Republican" might state that at the last moment the rope broke and the suicide escaped with his life—if that would be satisfactory. What the upshot was the Spectator does not know, as at this point the historian withdrew.

❀

Newspaper blunders are not without their advantages. Colonel Higginson tells of a friend who is always reported as present at funerals he does not attend, and as absent from funerals he does attend. He now makes it a rule to stay away from funerals, as in this way he gets the reputation of doing his duty in the matter of obsequies.

❀

The Vacation Fund

SPECIAL GIFT

From an Unknown Friend	$5,000 00

FOR VACATION EXPENSES

Previously acknowledged	6,280 96
F. E. Tuft	1 00
S. V.	1 00
R. D. N.	3 00
G. G. Waterman, Coudersport, Pa.	5 00
James L. Pease, Chicopee, Mass.	25 00
Ella M. Gaylord, Chicopee, Mass.	25 00
Louisa J. Pease, Chicopee, Mass.	25 00
M. T. W., Somersworth, N. H.	3 00
Julia Emery Turner, Quincy, Ill.	4 00
Hanly Hardy	5 00
Interested Friends	1 00
The Helpers' Circle of The King's Daughters, Bethlehem, Pa.	1 00
The Saratoga Co. Sunday-School Association.	4 00
A. K. M., Yonkers, N. Y.	5 00
E. J. Lindsay, Milwaukee, Wis.	10 00
A. C. P., Rochester, N. Y.	1 03
N. H. M., Hamline, Minn.	3 00
Total	$11,402 99

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"Progressive Orthodoxy"

By James M. Whiton

THIS title of a well-known book may serve here to designate a movement not peculiar to this time, but dating as far back at least as Protestantism. Melanchthon and Zwingli represented it in the sixteenth century, and Arminius in the seventeenth. This paper is limited to notice of it in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and in the American churches only.

Though the history of the Congregational churches is mainly referred to, the movement thus illustrated has been variously shared by others. The cases of Professors Briggs and Smith represent the forward movement among Presbyterians. Of this less appears on the surface in this country than among Scotch Presbyterians, where its development is as advanced as it is among American Congregationalists. It is seen in greater or less degree in most Protestant churches that have a history of any length. The condemnation of the Rev. Howard MacQueary, rector of the Episcopal church in Canton, Ohio, seven or eight years ago, for heresy in denying the virgin birth of Jesus and his bodily resurrection, was remarkable for the fact that, notwithstanding his admission of the charge, two of the five clergymen who constituted the court voted to acquit him. Still more recent were the public protest of Bishop Seymour against what he deemed the dangerous latitudinarianism of Bishop Brooks, and the warning of the Bishops' pastoral letter two years ago against a defection from the creeds indicated by the utterances of many Episcopal clergymen. Not to go further, significant cases might be cited from the recent history of the Baptist, Methodist, and Reformed German Churches.

The progressive movement has been even more strenuously manifested outside the limits of orthodoxy, whence it has had a helpful reaction upon orthodoxy itself. Its dominant interest, ever since Melanchthon and Zwingli, has been for the infusion of a more ethical spirit into theology. The fifth-century theology of Augustine, new-stamped as Calvinism in the sixteenth century, had rigorously impressed itself on the colonists of Massachusetts and Connecticut. But objections to it were early felt by its defenders, as well as by opponents. To obviate these Jonathan Edwards arose, recognized in Europe as well as America as the acutest thinker of his time. Edwards's professed aim was to make theology more reasonable. He was the father of theological rationalism in America. Emerson's idea that it is possible to state religious truth so as to render skepticism absurd was exactly Edwards's idea. No man since has been more of an innovator upon received doctrines. What his successors did has been more conspicuous, because they have worked upon special branches of doctrine. What Edwards did was more important, because he worked at the roots. He called and thought himself a Calvinist, but builded better than he knew. It was with Edwards that the liberal movement in the American churches began. The central point of the Calvinistic theology is the sovereignty of God. In place of this Edwards put the love of God. Both in his earliest and his latest writings appears the idea that the supreme law of existence and ultimate principle of being is love. Fichte praised him for it as "the solitary thinker of North America" who had penetrated to the fundamental principle of universal benevolence. The change was unnoticed at the time because speculative, and in the air, so to speak, above the rigor of his practical Calvinism, like the rising of the sun in February upon the Arctic snow-fields. But the ethical effect of it upon Christian thought has been immense—the substitution of love for will.

Coupled with this Edwards set up a new doctrine of human freedom. Calvinism affirmed that mankind by Adam's fall had lost all power of will toward goodness, and could only be willed to it by God. This made rational ethics simply impossible. The moral difficulty created by this view was long ago roughly hit off in a bit of doggerel:

> You can and you can't,
> You shall and you sha'n't,
> You will and you won't,
> You'll be damned if you don't.

Edwards declared, as Professor Fisher says,[1] that "freedom is as predicable of men now as of Adam before he sinned, of religious morality as of the affairs of worldly business, of man as of God," etc. This was a strong

[1] "Discussions in History and Theology," p. 258.

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and radical beginning of "new theology," though for a time it awaited its development. These two great innovations upon received doctrine marked out the ethical line for those who have worked at theological reform in the American churches ever since.

What Edwards did at the root of theology his successors did at the branches. Conspicuous among these, because he furnished the turning-point for the proceedings in the Andover heresy case about ten years ago, was Samuel Hopkins, of Rhode Island, distinguished by his zealous opposition to the slave trade. Hopkins, who died in 1803, made another far-reaching innovation. He declared that Christ had made atonement for all men, not for the elect part only, as Calvinists affirmed. Thus, as he held, salvation had been made possible for all, instead of only a part, of mankind. Hopkins was much cried out against for his "new divinity." But he replied: "I would much rather publish new divinity than any other, and the more of it the better, if it be but true." Writing in 1796, he said that, whereas there had been but four or five ministers friendly to the new views, there were now as many as a hundred, and the number was increasing. Hopkins was followed by Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, who died in 1817. He rejected another point of Calvinism, which held that the merits of Christ were imputed to the believer. Dwight, on the contrary, stood for the ethical principle that moral character is strictly personal, and that moral responsibility is not transferable. And so, in opposition to the Calvinistic doctrine that all men sinned in Adam, and are chargeable with his guilt, he taught that there is no sin except what is a man's own voluntary transgression.

From these three men chiefly—Edwards, Hopkins, Dwight—proceeded the so-called "New England theology," which was developed with slight modifications by Drs. Nathaniel W. Taylor at New Haven, and Edwards A. Park at Andover. Each of these opposed the Calvinistic theory that Christ bore the wrath of God as a vicarious punishment for our sins. Each was denounced for this as tending to "Unitarianism." Dr. Park in particular gave great offense by saying that the "covenants" of law and grace, referred to in the Westminster Catechism as made by God with Adam and with Christ, were "made in Holland." Thirty years later, so far had the movement advanced beyond him, he was styled "the Nestor of New England orthodoxy." Successive mitigations of Calvinism produced varieties which Professor Park, at the Andover centennial in 1878, humorously described as "Calvinist, Calvinistic, Calvinistical, and Calvinisticalish." Hardly more than the cap and feathers of the original suit of that theology are now left in New England and the churches which have issued from it. But these innovations made trouble far greater than any of more recent times have made. Trouble among Congregationalists resulted in the setting up in 1834 of a rival theological seminary at East Windsor, Connecticut (since removed to Hartford), to counteract the "heresy" at New Haven. Trouble among Presbyterians, into whose ranks there had been a large infusion of New England Congregationalists, resulted in the cutting off of four synods in 1837 and the schism which divided the Old School from the New School, until their reunion in 1870. Whatever suspicions to-day exist among Presbyterians as to the theology of their Congregational brethren are new only in having to do with a new set of questions. The same suspicions existed a half-century and more ago, concerning questions now so antiquated, that it would be impossible to-day to renew the wordy war waged for many years between New Haven and Princeton.

The transition which theological thought has made from that time to this is as marked as that made by a traveler from the northern to the southern hemisphere. The Pole Star and the Dipper are lost to view, and instead he beholds the Southern Cross. Just as Jonathan Edwards had led the way in the middle of the last century to far-reaching innovations, so at the middle of this century Horace Bushnell, a man of equal insight, quickened by suggestions derived through Coleridge from German thinkers, became the pioneer, in the orthodox churches of America, of a radically new mode of thinking. "He began his ministry," says Dr. Munger, "just as that crisis was maturing which ended the reign of superstition and tradition, and ushered in the scientific habit of thought."[1] Bushnell found men thinking, as many still think, that the supernatural is outside of nature, and that nature is contrary to it, so that it is only as an intruding and interfering power that the supernatural manifests itself. That is, God is outside of his world, and regulates it at critical moments by interpositions of miracu-

[1] The Outlook, August 1, 1896.

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lous power. Instead of this, Bushnell taught that God is also inside of his world, and works through all its natural processes, so that the supernatural is in nature itself, at its very heart, as its very life. Besides this, Bushnell powerfully modified prevailing views of special doctrines, particularly as to the work of Christ. But the great change he wrought was in bringing forward that conception of the relation of God to his world which since his time, with the powerful aid of evolutionary science, has gained ascendency in modern thought.

Bushnell was more vehemently assailed than any other Congregational minister has been within the memory of living men. His church in Hartford loyally stood by him, but he and his church were long ostracized by their Congregational neighbors. In 1847 his book on "Christian Nurture," which ere long became almost a classic authority, was suppressed by the Massachusetts Sabbath-School Society, for teaching that conversion may be wrought by the Holy Spirit through the processes of nature and education. His doctrine of the Trinity, exhibited in his "God in Christ," published in 1849, was stigmatized as Unitarian. Repeated but unsuccessful attempts were made to bring him to trial for heresy on account of it—a failure not now deplored. The most obvious, though not the most radical, innovation on received views which Bushnell made was in his teaching about the Atonement. This was regarded as essentially "Unitarian" and pernicious; viz., that Christ died, not to pay a quittance to divine justice, but to produce a saving moral influence on human character. That was heresy thirty years ago; but now, according to Professor Harris, of Andover, Bushnell's view is more generally accepted by Congregationalists, at least, than any other.

Since Bushnell's time, which formed the transition between the scholastic theology and the scientific theology which is steadily though slowly supplanting it, the conditions of thought have changed. Evolution has taken its place along with gravitation as a certified truth. Biology, psychology, Biblical criticism, ethics, have shed new light upon the Scriptures, and the questions to which they give rise. Not among Congregationalists alone has the revision of creeds been in progress. The Bishops of the Episcopal Church, in their overtures for Christian union, have shown a disposition to go to the farthest. For the creed-basis of union they proposed no more than the two primitive creeds, the Apostles' and the Nicene, thus throwing over in a mass all the creeds of later date, and the whole fabric of scholastic theology. During the twenty-two years that have elapsed since Bushnell published his last book, the Congregational churches have indeed been revising and retrenching their creeds, but few of them have gone any farther than that; most of them not so far.

So far as recent phases of "progressive orthodoxy" are concerned, they may be said to be in the working out of Bushnell's idea of God as operating through the organic processes of nature for man's redemption. This idea, together with more critical study of the New Testament and of the history of Christian doctrine, has produced a marked departure from the views held by Protestants since the Reformation concerning future punishment.

Thirty years ago the Rev. Jeremiah Walton was refused installation in the Third Congregational Church in Portland, Maine, on the ground of his cherishing, though cautiously and tentatively, what Canon Farrar has since so eloquently defended as the "larger hope."

Ten years later an anonymous little book "by an orthodox minister," entitled "Is Eternal Punishment Endless?" maintained that the doctrine of endless punishment, whether true or not, was not a doctrine of the New Testament. This book had some effect. Dr. E. N. Potter, then President of Union College, an Episcopalian, circulated one thousand copies of it at his own expense among Protestant ministers and theological students.

Ten years later still, the professors of Andover Seminary were on trial for holding to a qualified form of "the larger hope." On the ground that the Hopkinsian tenet of a universal atonement was part of the Seminary creed, and that it must, if universal in fact, be capable of application to all men, they successfully defended "the Andover hypothesis," that the opportunity of redemption through Christ may be open in the future life to such as the heathen, who have not enjoyed it in the present life. Concurrent with this prosecution was a struggle, which likewise failed, to exclude from the missionary service abroad such persons as, though otherwise eligible, were inclined to the Andover view. And now, the "Congregationalist" (December 17, 1896) says that the Congregational churches, while affirming a future retribution, "do not affirm that there is an eternity of

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conscious suffering for sinners unchanged and unforgiven," but do not undertake to determine that which is beyond comprehension. While there are many Congregationalists who would disavow such a statement, there are many who go beyond it, as does Dr. Gordon in his book, "The Christ of To-Day." The Episcopal Church also is pervaded, to at least an equal extent, with this mitigated eschatology.

The present interest of the progressives is rather in questions concerning the Person of Christ and in Biblical criticism. As to Christ, so far as their published statements go, they still mark themselves sharply off from Unitarians by affirming the doctrine of his virgin birth. At the same time, as Dr. Gordon has done, they freely acknowledge the great service rendered by Unitarians in reinstating and vitalizing the long-neglected truth of the thorough humanity of Christ, and in otherwise imparting an ethical spirit to theology. Among leading theologians of various churches there has been a considerable narrowing of the gap between orthodox and Unitarian thought in an essential point. The progressives discard the traditional theory of "two distinct natures" in Christ, divine and human. With Unitarians, they regard the divine and the human as one nature, and of the same kind, whether finite or infinite, in man or in God. Recent articles on "Ethical Monism" by President Strong, of the Baptist Seminary at Rochester, illustrate the present tendency.

In Biblical criticism there is no sign of going beyond the line which has been followed in company with the most eminent scholars of the Anglican and Presbyterian Churches of Great Britain, such as Professors Sanday, Driver, Cheyne, Bruce, G. A. Smith, and W. R. Smith. In this field German scholars have been the pioneers. The work of British and American scholars has been chiefly in sifting the work of German critics, and winnowing out of it some arbitrary processes and fanciful results. No American Congregationalist or Presbyterian has gone any further than Professor G. A. Smith, of the Free (Presbyterian) Church College in Glasgow, who has said that "the so-called fall of Adam marks a distinct advance from tribal ethics to individual ethics." This is the same in substance with Theodore Parker's saying that Adam's fall was "a fall upward." In their Biblical criticism such men are not opposing supernaturalism, but an irrational supernaturalism, the mother and nurse of Ingersollism. They follow Bushnell's thought that the supernatural is not an outside power interfering with the course of nature, but an inside power vitalizing nature and operating through it. While the Hindu regards his Vedas, and the Mohammedan his Koran, as manifesting divine inspiration by verbal infallibility, higher ground must be taken for the Bible. A divinely inspired life shines through it in the lives of prophets, apostles, and the Christ, working to-day, as in the past, for the purifying and uplifting of the common life of man.

Finally, the purpose of this paper has been to report progress, not to prophesy it. But all of us feel that to-day is still a time of transition. There is more to come. What is to come may be conjectured from what has come. Theology has become more ethical and more humane. God is recognized as in the heart of man and nature. The truly human Jesus has been recovered. The divine Christ, from being mainly a makeweight in a scheme of divine government fancied to be like that of earthly rulers, has been rediscovered as permanently indwelling in the life both of God and man. The Holy Spirit, fancied as restricted to Bible lands, has been discovered by students of comparative religion as having His prophets and pupils among the heathen also. The Bible has been rescued from unethical and conventional use as a wedge of disunion to split the Church into sects, each clamoring for its own "infallible" misinterpretation. Not that all this has been wholly done. It has only begun to be done. That it will continue to be done in spite of outcries and misrepresentation there can be little doubt. The old and finished theological system of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will no more re-establish itself than the old Ptolemaic astronomy. If theology is at all a science, it must be a growing science, unfolding into ever more and more of truth. Like all other true sciences, it will show itself such by readiness to bury its dead and to press forward on its march.

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If this great world of joy and pain
  Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
  And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
  The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
  To bear and to forbear!

—*William Wordsworth.*

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A Century of Progress

II.—What the Century Has Done for the Household [1]

By Candace Wheeler

THE first point of comparison between the comfort of the household a hundred years ago and at present is in its shelter. Looking back to the houses of that day, we find three prevailing types, with their variations. These were the log house, the Dutch farm-house, and what is now known as the Colonial house. Of course this refers only to houses in America, and not to Old World domiciles, where family living has been an unbroken and constant process of adding link after link to the chain which has existed since Eve began housekeeping in Eden.

The log cabin was an evolution of the wigwam, the first imperfect utterance of the wilderness when the pioneer American attempted to teach it the word Home; and, rude and sylvan as it was, it secured warmth and safety to the family, and fostered many of the best characteristics of the race.

I remember a pretty story told me by the son of a man who felled trees and built a cabin in the forests of the Catskills as they existed less than a hundred years ago. The trees were cut in the late autumn or early winter, while the blood in their trunks was frozen, and the torpor of the season was upon them. But when they were laid together and crossed into the parallelogram of the cabin, and a great stone chimney at one end became the roaring tunnel for the household fire, the mutilated trees awoke from their trance, and, as the melted sap began to circulate in their veins, young shoots and tender leaves broke out and grew into long twigs at the end nearest the fire. Their backs were frozen, but their hearts were warm, and responded, in their beautiful vegetable kind, to the home life and the home fire. The man who told me this story lives still upon the same farm, but the log cabin has been changed into a villa-like house, the usual home of the prosperous farmer.

Of course this is a natural consequence of changed conditions and continuous industry. The duration of the log cabin in the history of the country was governed by the duration of the forests. When the wilderness ceased to be, the log house went out of existence. There was no such reason, however, for the extinguishment of the Dutch farm-house, which was as ideal a model for the farm as the Colonial house is for the estate. Nothing is more picturesque, set in the midst of fertile acres, than one of these old farm-houses, which one may still see on the west bank of the Hudson, built mainly of warmly colored stone, with shingled gables filled with fan-shaped windows, and a roof hipped at the top, and sliding like a curled lip into a short projecting curve over the front door.

There was something indescribably graceful in this elongated roof, unsupported by pillars; as if the house of itself reached out to give protecting shadow for the leisure of the family, and shelter to its friends. But, graceful as it was, it has left no trace in the architecture of our present race of farm-houses.

The true Dutch farm-house seldom rose to the height of two full stories, but there is one such specimen still standing along the track of the Long Island Railroad where it leaves the salt meadows that border Gowanus Creek —a specimen which gives one the sensation of witnessing a dishonored old age. It stands upon a knoll overlooking the salt meadows, and the overlapping of the blue tide, and the wonderful shades of green and brown in the salt grass; but all that was once most beautiful in its view has grown to be a dirty fringe of a foul suburb. Now it swarms with a cheap tenantry, although it was once the country house of De Witt Clinton; and it still keeps enough of its former dignity and beauty to set one's thoughts reconstructing its dignified past.

The Dutch farm-house owed its undeservedly transient existence in America to the Dutch trader, or to the well-to-do immigrant who settled along the tributary creeks of the Hudson, or on the level, natural meadows of Long Island. His selection of acres effected he straightway brought over in Dutch ship-bottoms brick and hewn stone, and masons to lay them, and small-paned window-sashes, and carpenters to place them—men who knew how

[1] The first article in this series, "What the Century Has Done for Health," by A. D. Rockwell, M.D., was published in The Outlook for September 18.

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to hew long beams of wood and lap them into curves for the curled porches, under which the householder intended to sit and smokingly survey his fertile dominion, contented to grow rich at the pores instead of by unpalatable activity.

But of the prevailing fashions of houses of a hundred years ago, the only one which has really bequeathed itself to the generations is that which we have proudly and fondly christened Colonial. We may see specimens of these beautiful old houses all along the prosperous shore towns of New England, through Maryland, Virginia, and as far south as the Carolinas; their erection having generally depended upon the importance or the rapidly increasing commerce of the different sections of country. In Massachusetts and other New England States they were first built by political dignitaries, Governors and the like, and afterward by great ship-owners and traders with China.

In Maryland, Virginia, and the Southern States they were built by estate-owners, who raised and shipped tobacco in their own vessels for an English market; and here came in at least one of those often untold reasons for the difference in material and style of the Northern and Southern Colonial house. Both were, in truth, modeled upon a then prevailing style of architecture in England; a style which had been shaped by Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, and was characterized by a dignified elegance which, when applied to New England homes constructed of wood, took on a kind of classic slenderness which greatly intensified its finer qualities.

Southern houses, on the other hand, were constructed of brick and hewn stone, brought back in the vessels which carried tobacco to England. The stone was often hewn into the very shapes of cornice and capital and pillar, and, when set up on this new soil, made what was truly an English house, although somewhat modified to meet the exigencies of a different domestic service.

A hundred years of onward march in domestic architecture has not materially changed the exterior of the characteristic Colonial house; indeed, in the late revival of that style we find that the test of excellence is the fidelity with which the ancient lines have been followed—and this in spite of the development of the "American country house," which has gathered to itself and appropriated nearly all the features of all the ages of architecture. Naturally we have a right to this inheritance, since we are "the heirs of all the ages" in architecture; yet the genius which created a style so lasting and popular should have its reward of acknowledgment.

Next to the domestic conditions of shelter come those of light and warmth, and here we find that a hundred years has invented or discovered an absolutely new world. At that time fire, in the form of living coals, was as carefully preserved and tended as the sacred flame in Eastern temples. It was the last and most binding duty of the householder, when the day was over, to *bury the fire;* and the first necessity of the early morning was to search the gray ashes for living coals which might be coaxed into demonstration by pine shavings or tips of resinous fir boughs. Failing that, the next resource was an early journey to the nearest neighbor—perhaps a half-mile away—to ask "the loan of a shovelful of coals," which were transported in a perforated pail.

"No matches?" exclaims some young, or perhaps even middle-aged, person. No! no matches until about the year 1825, when the "Lucifer match" came into existence, and proceeded to make of itself a household flame and an indispensable necessity.

"But what did people do before that?" asks the aforementioned ignorant modern.

They had tin boxes of tinder, with a little compartment for a flint and a bit of steel; and to "strike a light" was a simple description of a veritable process.

A spark from steel and flint falling upon tinder could be tended and fostered into a blaze when other means failed.

The first matches were not simple affairs which a child might manipulate. There were a bottle of phosphorus and a bundle of small sticks, the latter saturated with some chemical preparation which took occasion to flame out if brought into contact with the phosphorus. This performance was at first an absorbing "chemical experiment" practiced only semi-occasionally by careful heads of families for the benefit of the children who were taking their course of chemistry at school.

It is a long step from that to the "turning on" of the electric light by the present householder, as he lies in bed at night, and by that simple motion suddenly illuminating his many suites of rooms; or the turning on and off of a grand sufficiency of warmth by the movement of a hand. And think of all that has come between, since the pioneer and his children sat in the blaze of the open fire,

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heaping on boughs of dry wood to make a light by which the page of the book or newspaper could be illuminated!

There were candles, of course—tallow candles dipped at home in the simpler houses, or made of pressed wax and burned in candelabra in the notable ones; and there were also lamps in the great houses, astral and argand lamps, burning whale-oil, a precious commodity, the quest of which kept hundreds of men wandering all their years over the great waters, in daily peril and continued discomfort; a quest that enriched but few, although it well-nigh destroyed one of the great animal races—one of the greatest creatures of the Lord. The household required light, and men hazarded life and squandered years to furnish it; and after all was done, one day some one noted a scum of iridescence upon the pools of a swamp, and, lo! kerosene had trickled into the world. Now it travels its thousands of miles in special pipes and empties itself into barrels, and wanders the world over in ships, illuminating roads and cars and vessels and houses of all grades and sizes.

It burns alike for rich and poor, one of those precious commodities almost as free to the world as air and water; a shared blessing from the very heart of Mother Earth.

Gas has never been, and probably never will be, a poor man's light. Neither will electricity, unless the future holds some method of producing and utilizing it more open than at present to general use; but kerosene shines for the many, and against the graceful astral lamp of sixty or seventy years ago, a veritable "chiny bowl, chock full of moonlight," or the complicated French mechanical lamp by which our well-bred grandmothers could see to play upon their harps and spinets, or embroider satin cushions and muslin ruffles, we may safely put in rivalry the pervading Rochester lamp, whether in tin, porcelain, or precious bronze, with its blazing head-light of spreading radiance—in the shine of which the housewife can thread her needle and patch the children's clothes as well by night as by day, and the fine lady, veiling its brilliancy by falls of colored tulle and silk, read the latest society novel or write reports of her best charity.

Although light was an expensive luxury in the houses of our predecessors, there was no lack of warmth in those of either rich or poor. While there were coals of fire for the altar of the fireplace, there was certain to be wood for the sacrifice. Trees and trees and trees, both living and dead, everywhere. The kings of the forests were not then overthrown, and their tribes were still standing in uncounted millions, and, all unknowing of the coming doom, lifting their crowned heads to sing with the winds in summer and wailing at their bitter blasts in winter. Singly, but in successive thousands, they were devoured by that two-faced element of fire which is both a god in beneficence and a demon in destructiveness.

But although warmth was not in any wise unattainable in the houses of a hundred years ago, it was at the penalty of much labor and effort. Even the comparatively small task of feeding the fires in the great fireplaces which were necessary in houses both great and small would in this day of domestic ease be considered herculean. I know one low house, still standing as it has stood for two hundred and thirty years, in what was then the pleasant and secluded village, and is now the pleasant suburban town, of Flushing, where, with unusual thought and consideration for the labor of "bringing in wood"—that already old-time phrase—two opposite doors had been planned in the kitchen, through which every day a horse was led, hauling, as he came, a great log, which was unhitched and rolled upon the fire, the horse passing out at the opposite door.

It was a wonder that the women who ministered as cooks before those great altars were not often devoured by the flames.

There were wide hearths, to be sure, where coals could be drawn out and pots kept gently simmering, away from the fierceness of the blaze; and there were Dutch ovens—half-cylinders of sheet-iron or tin which could be set in front of the fire, and in which meat could be roasted with a wonderful completeness and perfection. There were also the brick or stone ovens, which may still occasionally be seen, bulging out like great bubbles of stone and mortar beside the chimneys, a veritable cave of plenty to a devouring family.

I well remember one house, where within fifty years such an oven opened its mouth once a week and uttered words which were culinary gems. There were five daughters and a mother in this house, and men to feed, as the family phrase went; and Saturday was baking-day, and at ten o'clock the oven-cave was opened and filled with brush and light wood, which was kept burning an even hour. Then it was allowed to die down, and the

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coal and ashes withdrawn by use of a long-handled shovel. Then were spread upon the heated floor of the oven, and in nearer or more remote proximity to the heated sides, loaves of bread and cake and pans of pies—innumerable in quantity—and puddings of Indian meal, and jars of apples and pears, sealed with dough, and what not of good things which even now it joys me to remember.

But the Dutch oven and the brick oven and the ten-foot fireplace have had their day. So wise a man as Benjamin Franklin, noting the wastefulness of fuel in the latter, put his mind upon it—as he did upon most things which he observed—and the result was the "Franklin stoves," which forthwith were set in many of the great fireplaces in the parlors of Colonial houses. Then Count Rumford took up the problem, and constructed the cooking-stove—the stove with an oven; and for the first time since savage man learned that food was better when it had been subjected to fire, cooking could be conducted without the cook being roasted as well as the meat.

The changes in the methods of production of light and warmth, and preparation of food in the house, are more noticeable, perhaps, than in the matter of furnishing. Our ways of procuring our furniture are different, it is true, but as to the final result—the furniture itself—we cannot say that we have made great progress.

The chair and table and armoire of a hundred years ago are still—like the Colonial house—models of elegance in form and durability of construction. And as we refer the style of the house to the days and influence of two great architects, we must refer the fineness of the furniture to two great designers, Chippendale and Sheraton. Undoubtedly there were others, although their names have not come down to us connected with their work. But to account for the general excellence of the furniture in use a hundred years ago, we may be sure that a group of artists contributed to it, each working out some special beauty or excellence which was consolidated with the whole, making it what it was.

A hundred years from now probably all of the good stained glass of present production will be referred to Tiffany or La Farge, and yet scores of artists are combining to lift this shining example of the most progressive form of art of to-day to its pedestal

The furniture of a hundred years and more ago, which collectors have been for the last ten years bringing together with joy and rejoicing, was the result of the English Renascence.

In our Southern States, from which such stores of beautiful furniture have been brought within the last few years, the houses were furnished directly from England, the furniture being brought, as the material for the houses was brought, in returning tobacco-ships. It has far more variety of shape and style than the Northern Colonial furniture, because, in the latter case, the maker was imported instead of the furniture, bringing in his own compact bulk the industrial skill, the knowledge, and the "patterns" with which to furnish all the houses of New England. He brought the patterns, but not the capacity for design, and consequently one Colonial piece of New England furniture is exactly like another.

The cabinet-maker of that day did not often work in a shop. While the house which he was to furnish was being completed in careful and unhurried fashion, the cabinet-maker was an inmate, measuring and constructing his furniture to fit the spaces and the rooms.

In the low house in Flushing, where the logs were horse-hauled to the kitchen fire, it is a matter of family history that the cabinet-maker abode for two entire years, building the double-decked bureaus which could not now be taken out of the doors without being sawn asunder, and turning and carving the high-post bedsteads, and shaping the beautiful old chairs which still adorn the house and are still strong and serviceable. This furniture, like all the best of the old furniture, was solid mahogany. No thin veneer spread over the surface of a softer wood went into its construction. It was cut from the log in the shape which was required.

But, although mahogany was the favorite wood for cabinetry, some of the old pieces are made of the wild cherry which abounded in our forests, and still springs up everywhere along the fence-lines or in corners which the plow cannot reach. I sometimes think the ground must be full of love for certain varieties of vegetation, since it produces them on any and every occasion. The wild cherry is an old love of our Northern soil, and truly it is a virtuous wood, full of a fine warmth of color, and pleasant odor, and of a reasonable firmness.

There was another native wood which the

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cabinet-makers of a hundred years ago held in great estimation, and which is seldom seen in these days. The curled maple was even more beautiful than mahogany in its markings and the wonderful motion of its growth. Roll after roll of satiny rings of tree-fiber make up its substance, as if the tree had grown and kept time to the sound of rolling waves upon a sea beach, or to some other rhythmical motion of nature.

The cabinet-work of to-day is made in far other than the deliberate fashion of our forebears; a machine instead of a man is set to make it; and a machine is generally in a hurry, trying to make up for lost time—for all the years when it was not. But we must acknowledge that since men with the education of artists have undertaken to teach and train workers, there is little fault to find with the results.

In truth, it is not in beauty of exterior or perfection of furniture that the homes of to-day differ so greatly from those of a hundred years ago; for the amount of luxury which was possible in those old days was not so much less than the luxury of to-day.

The most pampered human being of the present would find no diminution of bodily ease in lying in lavendered homespun upon one of our aristocratic foremother's beds of down, in the high-ceilinged room of a Colonial house lit by wax candles in tall silver candlesticks, and warmed by the spreading and resinous blaze of oak and cedar.

It is not in the *degree* but in the *sum* of human luxury that we are impressed with the change. It is in the spread of it. Ease and convenience have lapped their gracious influences over all the former hardships of the industrious poor, and what were once the possibilities of the rich have become the necessities of all.

The sure reward of moderate industry at this period of the world is a house which will exclude the weather, heat well diffused by mechanical inventions, an abundance or a superabundance of artificial light, furniture which is at least fine to look at, carpets, books, clothing which is comfortable and becoming; in short, all and even more than was the ordinary portion of the wealthiest citizen of a hundred years ago.

And this is what the centuries are doing—at least it is what the centuries in America are doing: lifting up the poor in the scale of material living. All of the wonderful outreachings of human intellect which we call inventions are to be finally measured, not by the wonder of their existence, but by the proportion in which they equalize the possibilities of happiness, or the ease which they give to that mighty strain of endurance which we call life.

But if the century which is nearly at its close has given so largely to the ease and comfort of the laboring mass, it has also introduced into the homes of the rich an element which was in truth somewhat lacking in those days of bare and slender elegance.

All that we broadly cover by the two words "decorative treatment" was unknown in the interior of even the most luxurious of the stately Colonial houses. Color as a science and an art was an unstudied quantity in those days. There were no stained and jeweled windows to intensify and diffuse the morning and evening light, no inspirations of graduated color spread over walls and floors and ceiling. The "beauty bath" of the modern interior was a thing of the future.

How much quickening of the mental and spiritual life of man may result from the warmth and glow of this color envelopment it is still too early to determine. It may well be that tropical blossoms of humanity, wonderful instances of creative possibility, may be stimulated into growth by such surroundings, or it may serve only to modify the flatness of life which results from too much ease, and to provide a region of enjoyment disconnected from things that wear and fret the mind. Whatever may be its influence upon the character, this adoption of beauty as one of the privileges of the "privileged classes" seems to emphasize the fact that the equalization of comfort which has been the work of the century is so complete that mere wealth must invent new uses to prove its value.

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Labor is one of the great elements of society—the great substantial interest on which we all stand. Not feudal service, or predial toil, or the irksome drudgery by one race of mankind subjected to another; but labor, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating those wages into capital, educating childhood, maintaining worship, claiming the right of elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the State. That is American labor; and all my sympathies are with it, and my voice, till I am dumb, will be for it.—*Daniel Webster.*

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Reclaiming the Adirondacks

By Ernest Carter

Much ground may be covered on a hobby by starting in the right direction and riding with a stiff rein.

FOR the purpose of somewhat defining the circle to whose sympathies this article is addressed, the writer must, in face of the danger of an anticlimax, indulge at the outset in a descriptive definition of his own particular hobby. It was, and still is, so far as memory and spirit can go, to camp in a spruce-bark "lean-to" on the edge of a wild-land lake in the heart of an American forest, removed from every sight and sound of civilization, where the trout are sufficiently plentiful to yield a modest breakfast or supper any day, and where the deer, if not very numerous, are still so much at home that one may see them occasionally along the shores of the lake in the daytime, and shoot one now and then without the fear of its being the only one within ten miles.

All this was much more easy to accomplish in the Adirondacks—that great tank made to catch and hold rain-water for the Hudson—fifteen years ago than now. Since then the iniquitous[1] Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railroad has, as confessed in its own advertisements, stabbed that beautiful tract through the heart; much ruthless lumbering has been done; many a forest fire has been allowed to run days and weeks with no effort made to extinguish it; many a screaming steamer has been put on virgin waters; and, owing to the increased facilities of transportation, many of the woodland resorts have lost their sense of reality as such, and have grown to the dimensions and common publicity of Saratoga hotels. Saratoga hotels have the justification of being adapted to their environment when in Saratoga, but to a true lover of the woods they are as unbecoming to an Adirondack lake as a "camp" where a butler in dress-suit answers the electric bell at the front door—an anomaly which, by the way, may be seen near Paul Smith's. Many an old camper, after trying in vain for several seasons to revive the thrill of the old days, finally cries, "Ichabod!" and with a heavy heart decides that "next year," time and money allowing, he will go to Maine, Canada, or the great Northwest, where there is still hope of getting beyond the reach of a steam-whistle. This is founded on the universal aversion to an anticlimax in the pursuit of pleasure, and may serve for those of this and perhaps the next generation who have the means and time to chase that fickle goddess the length and breadth of a continent; but what are hunters and fishers of a hundred years hence to do?

In this desertion of a tract as used up, so far as our purposes are concerned, and the seeking and despoliation of new fields by shooting off the game and fishing out the fish, are we not doing the very thing for which we blame railroad, lumber, and hotel magnates—namely, like a swarm of potato-bugs, eating the profit of to-day out of one new pasture after another, without thought of the future good of the country and those who are to follow us? Is it not possible, even now, to redeem and restore what we already have at our back door, so to speak, in our own beloved State? and is there not a patriotic duty involved in such an effort that would justify the expenditure of money, thought, and time in this direction? We are apt to ask, "Why does not the State, the people, wake up, before it is too late, to the realization of what it is allowing, little by little, to slip through its fingers?" Is there, however, nothing that we, as private citizens, can do in the meantime to stay the spoliation of this God-given recreation ground, sanitarium, and water source? That some little has recently been done by the State along this line should not cause us to relax our efforts, but rather to take hold with the new grip that hope gives. We must remember that moneyed interests, such as lumber, railroad, and hotel, never sleep or relax hope and effort so long as there remains wealth to be exploited, and that the people as a whole do not yet fully realize the importance of guarding the sources of the Hudson, or reserving a place where the youth of every generation may cultivate the sturdy virtues that are developed by a real woodsman's life—simplicity, patience, self-reliance, invention,

[1] The iniquity of this road is not to be laid at the door of its promoters and owners so much, perhaps, as at the door of public sentiment, as expressed by legislative action, allowing a line which practically parallels the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad on the east, and the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad on the west, to split a God-given natural park in two by a singeing line of railroad sparks, noise, and small stations, which serve as ganglia or nuclei for further encroachments.

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power of sharp observation, strength of limb, accuracy of eye, ear, and muscle, in calculating and dealing with the primitive forces of nature.

There is something that can be done by many of us who are annually paying out as hack-hire for hobby-riding money which might be put into buying a hobby of our own, a hobby as substantial and permanent as the granite hills, the forests, and the lakes of the Adirondacks; a hobby that our children's children could ride, and whose feeding and care would inure to the benefit of the people of more than the Empire State.

For present purposes let us consider three ways in which one may forward the cause of forest and game preservation in the Adirondacks—a cause which, as it is not necessary to remind the intelligent reader, has a very real and intimate connection with the preservation of the Hudson and its mouth as a world's harbor, and the preservation of the whole watershed from the curse of alternate freshet and drought and eventual barrenness.

First: There are already many private clubs owning large tracts devoted to forest and game preservation, and perhaps the simplest way to aid in this movement would be to join such a club, choosing one not overcrowded by too large a membership, and, if possible, one that is in need of funds.[1] A number of years ago, one such association advertised for new members, stating in its prospectus the annual income it received from the sale of standing timber. While judicious lumbering may be carried on to the end of time in a properly forested forest, the temptation to a club in need of money is to sell more lumber than careful forestry would allow; hence an ample income from other sources is essential to the preservation principle.

Second: A small tract, or large if possible, adjoining the preserved lands of some club might be bought and held in individual ownership. There would be a mutual benefit here, to the individual owner and to the club; to the former too obvious to be mentioned. To the latter there would be the advantage of securing an additional buffer territory, held by a person with similar aims, against the possible encroachments of civilization.

Third: The best thing to do, circumstances permitting, would be to organize a new club, with a membership large enough to make possible the purchase of a large tract and the employment of one or more foresters and gamekeepers, who should live on the land throughout the year, keeping out poachers, attending to the annual restocking of ponds and streams with fish (in which the State offers liberal conditions of aid), and taking such other care of game as possible.

In this way, little by little, practically the whole Adirondack region could be *reclaimed* (using that word in the opposite of its usual sense), and held until the people of the State as a whole awake to the wisdom of putting beyond the chance of individual greed, misfortune, or wantonness a region whose preservation is really a matter of public interest. On such a hobby one could expend an amount of money that would seem quite unjustifiable if spent in wholly selfish pleasure involving no good to the community at large.

[1] The writer feels called upon to state that he has neither membership nor connection in any way with any Adirondack club.

The Pagan and the Puritan

By Madeleine Yale Wynne

Long ago on one of the Isles of Greece was born a Pagan maid, and long ago on the rock-bound coast of New England was born a Puritan maid; and, far apart as were these two maids in time and in space, so far and much farther apart were they in spirit; for the Pagan saw only with the eye of beauty, and the Puritan saw alone with the eye of duty. But my story has to do with neither of these maids.

Once upon a time on the rock-bound coast of New England were born a Pagan and a Puritan maid, and by some strange chance these two were one; they dwelt together in one body, saw through the same eyes and were known by one name, and that name was Patience, as befitted one who was to dwell on the rock-bound coast of New England. Now, those two maids in one, the Puritan and the Pagan, though they were indissolubly connected, inalienably associated, were still as far apart in spirit as were the two maids of long ago. For still the Pagan saw only with the eye of beauty, and the Puritan saw only with the eye of duty. The Pagan saw color and form and movement, subtle combinations of grace with strength, and always the beauty of matter.

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The Puritan gravely looked for and saw fortitude and self-denial, testimony and faith, and the spirit beneath the flesh that should after life inherit the life eternal. The Puritan chose for her body's wear garments of gray, cool, passionless colors, as befitted her renunciatory walk through life. But when she brought these fabrics home, the Pagan within her did so work upon this gray and calm covering that forthwith the coarse fabric took unto itself new meanings and developed into grace of line and color, for it was cunningly betrayed by the hand of the Pagan into bearing on its surface wrought stitches of great intricacy and of varied tints, so that the passing eye of man was constrained to linger long, and he marveled greatly that so gray a gown could be so transformed. Thus did the fingers of the Pagan bring doubt upon the faith of the Puritan.

But, behold, when the Pagan went forth, and with lavish eye gleaned from all the markets of the world rich fabrics and soft laces and hand-wrought scarfs and beads of amber and amulets of silver, then did the Puritan come to the making, unbidden and grave of face, and cut away such parts of each fabric as made its beauty. Straight and narrow were the breadths that she cut, and the lines were angular and so fashioned as to hide the rounded curves of the body beneath; and in chests were locked away the superfluous and the rich belongings, till much more gloomy than the gray gown became these curtailed garments from which every vestige of broidery and hint of braid had been clipped close by the shears of the Puritan. Thus did the Puritan thwart the Pagan within her.

When the Puritan moved among the sick or suffering or the poor, bearing to them messages of faith and comfort and exhorting them to strenuous living, with pleadings against the self that perishes and for the self that shall inherit eternal life, even then was the Pagan noting with absorbing joy the bronze beauty of youth, the round limbs of children and the gloss on the hair of the young girl, the blue sky and the palpitating warmth of the sun; till the eyes of the Puritan were no longer single, but sad with the strife of the two selves within her. Thus the two were not happy each with the other, but were sad as they dwelt together and were forced to look out of the same pair of eyes.

Then cried out the one: "Oh, Pagan part of me, cease thy wiles, I pray thee, lest truly I be delivered over quite unto the devil and my soul be made away with straightway. Cease to bewilder me as I try to walk in the strait and narrow path of goodness, uprightness, and self-abnegation. Behold, thou hast tempted me till mine eyes have already learned all manner of alien seeing, till I tremble with the longing of the life of the senses; but well I know there is no life but the life of the spirit, no beauty but the beauty of holiness. I know full well that though I beat out my heart in the conflict, yet shall my soul prevail; but I weary with the strife—why tormentest thou me?"

Then spoke the Pagan: "Oh, foolish thee! better had it been hadst thou said the holiness of beauty and of harmony. Then could we two dwell together, perhaps not here where the waves forever battle with the foaming rocks, but far off, where Aphrodite lies in the arms of the sea, softly under sunny skies. Even here, couldst thou be content to let me rule, here even we could be more sunny than the sun, more free than the air, more beautiful than the sky. Hold thou thy hands close over thine eyes and see the sun illumine them; see the pink of the shell where finger meets finger: buoyantly does the stream of life flow therein. Why art thou sad and gray of spirit when all within thee leaps to be free?"

"For my soul's sake, for the sake of the life hereafter, the eternal life," said the Puritan. "I fast and pray that I may be freed from the glamour of the senses and the falseness of all transient things; for my soul's good do I put from me the world which thou wouldst teach me to love."

Then the Pagan said: "I know not the meaning of thy word soul. I, too, shall live now and forever; burn me, and my ashes will give color to the rose; bury me, and I shall spring up under thy feet as living grass. I cannot die. When did the spring fail to bring forth the rose? As long as the rose blooms I live. I am of perpetual life. I am the rose, the air, the water, and the flow of life within each living, breathing thing."

So did these two within the one body live, not at peace, but in sorrow, the one with the other, till in the course of time the two were laid in one grave together. A gray stone marks the place, and on the stone a Poet has written a farewell and a greeting, and beside the stone grows a red rose; each year its petals fall on the grass beneath. Friend, knowest thou aught of these two, the Puritan and the Pagan?

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The Deacon's Parsnip Stew

By Sophie Swett

"THERE'S been parsnip stew for dinner in this house every fast-day and every election day since it's been a house, and while I live there's always going to be!"

Grandpa Thompson punctuated this remark emphatically with his stout oaken staff upon the dining-room floor. He had drawn his small, lean frame up to its greatest possible height, and the strong, square chin above his high, old-fashioned dicky quivered, as it always did when he was very angry.

"Oh, grandpa, *do* think how mortified we should be, with Mylon and his new wife here, and her brother that's the new minister, and *his* wife—all city people, and stylish! You wouldn't want them to think us as common and countrified as—as parsnip stew!" Phœbe was almost crying. She was one who always thought much of appearances; she "trimmed her bonnet on the meeting-house side, just like her grandmother," Grandpa Thompson had been heard to say, disapprovingly. And yet Phœbe could sometimes coax Grandpa a little—the only one who could.

She couldn't now; he went stumping around the room, bringing his cane down so forcibly that Aunt Sabra Ellen, who had a prudent mind, trembled for the new oilcloth carpet.

"My son Mylon is a man of sense," he said, "and it's some likely that he hasn't taken a fool to wife—though there's no denying that that has been done by men of sense before now."

Now, of course no one could say that he meant anything particular; still, it was certainly natural that Grandma Thompson should bridle a little, especially as it was said in a very meaning way.

"And, being sensible, they'll know good victuals. As for the new minister and his wife, I've got nothing to do with them!"

Grandpa's chin quivered again, and he turned his head away suddenly.

"Mylon took it for granted they could come here with him and his wife," said Grandma, with some asperity, and a touch of apology as well.

Grandpa had been a deacon of the church once, and now for seven years he had not been inside its doors. A difficulty with Deacon Dobbins about a heifer—such a little thing as that!—had been the beginning of the trouble. The other deacon and the church people generally sided with Deacon Dobbins; and then Grandpa Thompson had begun to think that the church would better pay the interest on that mortgage on the parsonage which he held. They'd better pay it instead of shingling the church, although it did leak, or else he would foreclose!

They had been paying a little, now and then, in these seven years, and Grandpa Thompson had been threatening. For a while he sat on the church steps while the Sunday services were held, but with the advent of cold weather he had abandoned that practice, and never resumed it. Now, even in the winter, he resorted, with his Bible and hymn-book, to the chilly back attic, although Grandma Thompson declared that it wasn't worshiping the Lord in the beauty of holiness to do it all alone in the back attic.

"I haven't said anything against their coming here," retorted Grandpa. "I only hope the church has told 'em there isn't anywhere else for 'em to go. I've warned 'em plain enough that I'm going to foreclose that mortgage next Monday morning!" (Now there was no hope for the new oilcloth.)

"Oh, Solomon, Solomon!" cried Grandma Thompson. "And he a young man that could have kept his rich city parish if it hadn't been for his missionary spirit leading him to a poor country one!"

"I haven't got anything to do with his missionary spirit," said Grandpa Thompson, testily. "If he hasn't got anything but missionary spirit and that church to keep a roof over his head, why, he'd better go back where he came from."

"A rich city parish, and of course they're stylish! and, oh, Grandpa, a parsnip stew is made of pork!" said Phœbe, plaintively. (Every one else had quite forgotten the parsnip stew in the heavier trouble that threatened.) "No one eats pork nowadays. The doctors say—"

Grandpa Thompson stood before her and brought his cane down with a thump that made the dishes jingle—for Delilah was set-

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ting the table. "A good mess of country-fed pork never hurt anybody!" he shouted. "I've raised my own pork and ate it for nigh upon fifty years, and I'm rugged and hearty yet; and folks that are too finified to eat parsnip stew ain't fit to do the Lord's work in North Jericho, and I shall tell 'em so! There's one thing certain—it'll be set before 'em!"

Grandma Thompson's motherly bosom heaved suddenly, and her mild blue eyes flashed.

"I don't know who will cook your parsnip stew, for Delilah sha'n't, and Sabra Ellen can't, and I won't!" Grandma Thompson said this, and she said it crisply!

Grandpa Thompson was so astonished that he just stood and glared at her, without thumping his cane. He turned, and was walking out of the room without thumping it, but at the door he paused.

"I'll tell you who'll make that parsnip stew," he said, gruffly. "A man that never yet was beat at anything he set his hand to!"

And the door closed forcibly after Grandpa Thompson.

"He means himself, but, land! he ain't any hand at cooking," said Grandma Thompson; and in spite of her troubles she laughed a little.

And then she suddenly burst into tears.

"He's been terrible trying, Solomon has, being so set; but, for all that, he's as good-hearted and kind and God-fearing a man as ever was, and I hadn't any call to speak so to him! The Lord knows I never did before—not in all the forty years we've been married! You never heard me, did you, Sabra Ellen?"

The widowed daughter of the house, who was Phœbe's mother, had flushed in a startled way all over her long, gentle face.

"I certainly never did, mother," she said, "but I'll own that I *have* thought sometimes that 'twas most a pity that you didn't. Seems as if 'twould do him good!"

"Why, Sabra Ellen, to speak that way of your father!" Grandma's tone was severely reproving and her face was solemn.

"Grandma, dear, you're *not* going to back down and let him have parsnip stew?" cried Phœbe, piteously.

"Sabra Ellen, I wouldn't have believed you would bring up your daughter to be disrespectful to her grandfather!" said Grandma Thompson, with still more severe reproof. "After all, he has a right to say what he will have on his own table, and—and we always have had parsnip stew election day. I ain't saying that it hasn't been a trial that he never had genteel feelings as I have, and if his napkin was a mite ragged or darned was sure to shake it right out before company; but—but—" Grandma was evidently quite overwhelmed by penitence—"parsnip stew isn't a crime, and we can have other things besides. The worst of it is that I'm afraid he'll stick to what he's said and make it himself! He can't, any more'n a baby; and if there's anything I do hate, it's a man messing 'round the kitchen!"

It happened that Grandpa Thompson had gone to the back entry to get his hat, and, the dining-room door being ajar, he heard the latter part of Grandma's remark.

"Any more'n a baby!" he muttered to himself, irate and scornful. "I'll show 'em who's messing 'round their kitchen. I'll show 'em a parsnip stew!"

That evening, when all the rest of the household had gone to prayer-meeting—even Delilah, the hired girl—Grandpa Thompson, who never went now, seized the opportunity to prowl about in search of the cook-book.

He found it, after a long search, tucked away on the very top shelf of the pantry; for Delilah cooked—as she often boasted—by common sense.

He saw that the pantry blinds were closed, and then he sat upon the flour-barrel, with his candle on the shelf beside him, and searched the cook-book through from cover to cover. Not a recipe, not a hint, for the making of parsnip stew!

"A miserable new-fashioned thing!" grumbled Grandpa Thompson. "I shall have to go over to the Corner and get my sister Betsey to show me; and yet she'd be sure to tell, being hand and glove with Phœbe Jane. Anyhow, it's only pork and parsnips and water; 'twould be a pity if a man of my parts couldn't put 'em together!"

"Why do you go off to vote so early, Pa?" asked Grandma Thompson on the morning of election day, as Grandpa hastily left the breakfast-table and was seen to hurriedly don his overcoat in the entry.

"I—I've got considerable to do," said Grandpa, and a frown appeared upon his face, which was as ruddy as a winter apple under its crown of white hair. His son Mylon and his new city wife were at the table, and the new minister (Mylon's wife's brother) and *his* wife. The minister was a frank-faced young fellow, big and brawny and unclerical-looking; and his

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wife was stylish—so stylish that Phœbe had felt obliged to sit up very late to crimp her hair all around—and Grandpa didn't at all approve of them. If Phœbe Jane had got to question his movements and his forenoon, he wished she wouldn't do it before them.

Grandma slipped out into the entry and closed the dining-room door behind her.

"Delilah will make the parsnip stew, Solomon," she said, shamefacedly. "You won't mind our having roast chicken, too?"

"Oh no, Delilah won't! I understand there are folks that think I can't make a parsnip stew any more'n a baby. And I calculate to show 'em whether I can, Mrs. Thompson; I calculate to show 'em!"

Mrs. Thompson! Poor Grandma put her white apron to her eyes; she could scarcely control her emotion sufficiently to return to the breakfast-table. Only twice before in their married life had Grandpa called her Mrs. Thompson. Once was when she insisted that Ezra Stiles had painted his new house yellow, when Grandpa thought he had painted it white; and the other time was when she said that perhaps, after all, Deacon Dobbins meant well.

Grandpa came driving home post-haste before nine o'clock; he didn't know how long it took parsnip stew to cook, and wild horses wouldn't have drawn any inquiry from him. He would have liked to stay at the town-house; election day was a gala day in Jericho, when one met all one's old friends and neighbors. Grandma knew just how he felt, and her gentle heart was sore for him, but she dared not say a word. She dared not even look as if she wanted to smile when he tied one of Delilah's long gingham aprons around his neck.

He went down cellar and brought up a fine strip of pork from the barrel—a very large strip of pork. Grandma and Delilah looked at each other in dismay when he crowded it into the great iron kettle. He seemed to fear, himself, that there was scarcely room for the parsnips, for after he had washed and scraped a good many he *did* cut a small piece off the pork and laid it on the table. He put in as much water as the kettle would hold after the great piece of pork and the parsnips were in. He looked suspiciously at Grandma and Delilah; and Grandma, though she was penitent and distressed, was so overcome by her sense of humor that she was forced to step hurriedly into the seclusion of the pantry.

There was a good fire, for Delilah was preparing to roast chickens, but Grandpa thrust wood into the stove and opened the draughts wide.

"Now, don't anybody dare to meddle or make with that kettle or that fire!" he ordered, and went off to show Mylon and the new minister around the farm.

Some of the old friends and neighbors who had come to the village to vote stopped at the farm on their way home, and the forenoon slipped away. Grandma, who had been showing some of her ancient attic treasures to the new minister's wife, went into the kitchen about noon.

"Oh, Delilah, I *would* have closed the draughts! It smells as if *everything* were burning!" she cried.

"'Tain't anything but parsnips," said Delilah, calmly. "Parsnips smells awful when they're burning. Close the draughts! I guess I had to, or my chickens would have been burnt up. And I put some more water in the kettle, for all he said not to touch it. But, land! them parsnips are all crowded down by that great piece of pork, and sticking to the bottom of the kettle; and with such a roaring fire—"

"The Deacon can't smell much since he had that operation for polypus in the nose," said Grandma, reflectively, and in a hopeful tone.

"Delilah will dish up the parsnip stew, in the great soup tureen," she said, with anxious solicitude, when Grandpa came in, just before one o'clock—the dinner hour.

But Grandpa was again tying Delilah's apron around his neck.

"I propose to serve the parsnip stew myself, Mrs. Thompson," he said, with dignity.

"Oh, Grandma, I expect nothing but that he'll come in with that apron on," wailed Phœbe, aside. "And I *know* I shall sink through the floor."

"He hasn't got a mite of potato in it, anyhow!" muttered Delilah.

Grandpa came in with the great tureen, after every one else was seated at the dinner-table. He had taken off the apron, and he carried himself with dignity. But the tureen was very heavy and very full, and perhaps Grandpa's hands trembled a little; at all events, the hot liquid slopped over suddenly upon his hands.

He would have dropped the dish if Grandma had not sprung to the rescue. One of his hands was badly scalded. His ruddy face

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turned quite white, and it was evident that the pain was very great, for, though he sat down at the table, while Phœbe ran for soda, he finally yielded to Grandma's entreaties and let her lead him to the bedroom off the sitting-room, where he lay upon the lounge and had his hand and wrist poulticed.

The new minister and his wife insisted upon being served to parsnip stew. They evidently understood the situation—perhaps enlightened as to Grandpa's peculiarities by Mylon.

They actually ate the parsnip stew!

"I was worried about your dyspepsia, Henry," said the new minister's wife to him, in private; "but I did so pity the poor old man!"

Grandma went into the bedroom and told Grandpa about it, after dinner.

"They ate a lot of the parsnip stew!" she said. "*She* didn't eat a mite of chicken. She said she liked parsnip stew better."

Grandpa allowed the grim lines of his face to relax. He sat up on the lounge.

"Phœbe Jane, was it good?" he said, huskily.

Grandma hesitated only an instant.

"You know I haven't dared to taste a mite of pork since I had the bilious fever, Solomon," she said.

"You needn't bring my dinner in here; I'm going out to the dining-room," said Grandpa.

The dining-room was empty, the table partly cleared away.

"Tell Delilah to fetch back the parsnip stew," said Grandpa.

"Now, now, Solomon, I wouldn't!" said Grandma, with pitiful eagerness. "'Twas kind of a shock for a man of your age, and a little toast and tea—"

Grandpa looked at her; her sweet, seamy old face was quivering. He sat down obediently to his toast and tea.

When she was sound asleep that night, and all the house was still, he stole softly out to the pantry. He found the soup tureen and put a spoonful of its contents—the burned, unsavory mess—into his mouth.

He went to the Corner the next day to see Jason, his lawyer, and Grandma went about the house with a distressed face. Of course he had gone to foreclose that mortgage on the parsonage!

When Sunday morning came, Grandpa quietly set out for church with the rest of the family. Grandma dared not say a word, but her heart thrilled as she walked up the aisle leaning upon his arm.

The Corner minister officiated, and the new minister sat beside him. He was asked to read a notice, the Corner minister announced, which it was hoped would not be considered inappropriate to the day. The mortgage on the parsonage was canceled—the free gift to the church of their beloved brother, Deacon Solomon Thompson. The donor wished it understood that his gift was due to his especial regard for the new minister and his wife.

Deacon Dobbins sat in the pew in front of Grandpa—a great six-footer, with bristling side-whiskers. He turned suddenly and extended a brawny hand over the top of the pew.

Grandpa hesitated slightly—whether Grandma gave him a gentle little nudge will never be known—then clasped the hand.

The new minister led in prayer. He prayed most fervently that the tie that had linked their hearts anew in Christian love might never be broken.

"And while folks was crying all over the meeting-house, and I was myself," confessed Delilah, afterwards, "I couldn't help thinking what the tie was—burnt parsnip stew! But, land! I haven't just found out that the Lord's ways ain't ours."

❀

Binding Sheaves

Hark! a lover binding sheaves
To his maiden sings.
Flutter, flutter go the leaves,
Larks drop their wings,
Little brooks for all their mirth
Are not blithe as he.
"Give me what the love is worth
That I give thee.

"Speech that cannot be forborne
Tells the story through;
I sowed my love in with the corn,
And they both grew.
Count the world full wide of girth,
And hived honey sweet,
But count the love of more worth
Laid at thy feet.

"Money's worth is house and land,
Velvet coat and vest.
Work's worth is bread in hand,
Ay, and sweet rest.
Wilt thou learn what love is worth?
Ah! she sits above,
Sighing, 'Weigh me not with earth,
Love's worth is love.'"

—*Jean Ingelow.*

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Books and Authors

A New Church History [1]

Bishop Hurst's lectures to successive classes of students at the Drew Theological Seminary during a period of ten years form the basis of his notable "History of the Christian Church," a work which in title and appearance would suggest immediate comparison with Dr. Schaff's history. There are, however, some important differences between the two. Bishop Hurst's is the shorter and more condensed, Dr. Schaff's the longer and more entertaining. It must have been a gigantic task to present in approximately adequate treatment a history of the Church in two good-sized volumes, without doing injustice to the sense of proportion. As Bishop Hurst says, some themes which twenty years ago could have been treated briefly, to-day deserve a whole volume; others, which were then prominent foreground figures, are now dim in the distant horizon. In general it may be claimed that the Methodist bishop has produced a work at once clear, concise, and of evident value. Its text is well arranged, especially in treating of the Apostolic and Patristic periods, although we find ourselves constantly wishing—and so does, undoubtedly, Dr. Hurst—that the bounds might have been enlarged. Especially is this true in the chapters entitled "The Literary Attack" and "The Christian Apologists," chapters which Professor Harnack has expanded into his just-published two epoch-making volumes on "The History of Early Christian Literature." The most interesting of the later chapters is that dealing with the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

The author has succeeded in his aim to suit the needs and tastes of the general reader, even if those of the careful student will hardly be met by so much condensation. The text is always readable, even when a bit dimmed and unluminous by reason of too great compression. Church history reaches ever further, and touches the boundaries of all sciences; indeed, no period of political history can now be properly described without recognizing its religious and ecclesiastical elements. Says Bishop Hurst:

> During great stretches of what may seem to be only the play of passions on questions of dynasty or balance of power, when sifted thoroughly it will be found, as in England from James II. to William of Orange, that the one supreme and vitalizing question was the final supremacy of the Protestant or Roman Catholic principle. He is a wise reader who can discern the proper boundary of the domain over which he travels. Wiser still is he who has the vision and the skill to measure the rapid widening of the field of ecclesiastical history. But happiest of all is he who, young in years and passionate in his love of the light from the past, sees in all history the divine hand, which has been steadily leading the people of all lands and ages toward a happy destiny.

The value of the text is greatly enhanced by excellent bibliographical tables and by peculiarly good maps, the latter prepared by Mr. Alan Reiley, who, of all American cartographers, according to Dr. Hurst, carries into his science the finest historical sense. The present volume constitutes half the entire work, and includes the history of the Christian Church to the beginning of the Reformation.

[1] *History of the Christian Church.* By John Fletcher Hurst. Vol. I. Eaton & Mains, New York. $5.

Maria Theresa and Joseph II.[1]

Quickly and appropriately following the publication last winter of Dr. Franck Bright's "Maria Theresa," the past spring witnessed the appearance of his sequel, "Joseph II." The publishers deserve the gratitude of all students of history because they have put forth these volumes in such portable and inexpensive form. They are just the books for the student's pocket when he would take a summer holiday or even nothing more than a ride on a street-car. Their print is so clear, matching the author's clearness in narration, that they are sure to win their way to more popular recognition than had they been published in one volume and at a higher price.

Those who look for biographies in these volumes, rather than histories, will be disappointed. It is true, of course, that no history of the happenings between 1740 and 1790 could be attempted without being also biographies of the great-hearted woman who ruled Austria and of her son. The close continuity between the two reigns (for fifteen years Joseph was associated with his mother as co-regent) further deepens the history-value. If Dr. Bright had only put in more of the

[1] *Maria Theresa.* By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, D.D. *Joseph II.* By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. 75 cents each volume.

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personal characteristics of the Austrian monarchs, we should have been better pleased. If he had only given us a more lifelike picture of the great minister, Kaunitz, whose influence was predominant over the whole period, the books would have been more readable. What Dr. Bright does however, he does well, and that is to explain clearly and concisely the initiatory measures of Maria Theresa's reign and their working out in that reign and the following one. So much for actual local history. The entire period of these reigns, however, has a significance far greater than any merely local period. It was a time with a unity of its own, as Dr. Bright says, in the great effort of monarchical institutions to justify themselves and to satisfy without constitutional upheaval the requirements of a new and progressive age. The two volumes comprise, therefore, a treatment of the period as a whole; there is, hence, an avoidance of the repetition necessary had the reigns been treated independently.

Taking him, then, as a historian and not as a biographer, we do not find the Master of University College, Oxford, particularly picturesque in his narration of those wars and rumors of wars which filled up the years between 1740 and 1763. It may be that we become more accustomed to his jog-trot, but "Joseph II." has apparently more variety and holds the attention better than the first volume. Neither volume will appeal to the lover of emotional history, and we have already said that there is a lack of the distinctly biographical. The work will appeal, however, and with abundant reason, to those who seek to obtain a careful, not highly colored, not strongly shaded picture of Austrian history, and of European history as it affected Austria, at one of the most interesting periods in the development of Central Europe. The great popular upturnings and overturnings of 1848 were more striking, it is true, and we have greater sympathy with them, for they are nearer to us in time and in spirit. Let us not forget, however, that they began to grow in the latter half of the preceding century, when the struggles of monarchies to maintain themselves with dignity and with right were sometimes almost pathetic.

That monumental work, "The Silvæ of North America," by Mr. Charles Sprague Sargent, is to have the addition of its eleventh volume this autumn. One more is necessary to complete the work.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending September 10. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

LITERATURE

Macaulay said of Boswell that he was the prince of biographers; "Eclipse was first, the others nowhere." The popularity of *Boswell's Life of Johnson* shows no diminution as time rolls on. New editions are constantly being printed. The Life is now issued in an extremely handsome quarto volume published by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of this city. The edition is that of Percy Fitzgerald. Of course this is not as full in note and comment as the well-known edition of which Dr. Birkbeck Hill is the editor, but, after all, the text is the thing. This volume contains a good reproduction of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Dr. Johnson, and a full index. It includes the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides." All things considered, it is really a remarkably fine edition for the very small price at which it is offered—two dollars.

Much interest is being expressed in the Centenary Edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle, which is published in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Three volumes have just reached us—the fourth and last volume of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; The Life of John Sterling;* and *Past and Present.* We note as particularly interesting the portraits of John Sterling and of Carlyle in the year 1854. In type, form of page, and style of binding, this edition is all that could be desired for the library.

NOVELS AND TALES

In the Gadshill Edition of Charles Dickens's works, published in London by Chapman & Hall, and in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons, there have just been issued the two volumes comprising *The Old Curiosity Shop.* The original illustrations are carefully and well reproduced; the type is clear, the paper good, and the general design satisfactory. Mr. Andrew Lang, the general editor of the edition, writes an introduction which is, like everything from his pen, original and worth reading.

In the edition of Balzac's works which has been so long in course of publication by J. M. Dent & Co. in England, and by the Macmillan Company in this city, there has just

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been issued *Seraphita;* the volume so called also includes *Louis Lambert* and *The Exiles*. The translation is by Clara Bell, and there is a very brief preface by the late George Saintsbury; the latter, commenting on the attempts made to discover in "Seraphita" anticipations of modern discoveries or theories, very justly remarks that "these anticipation-hunts rarely send the hunter home with an empty bag, but it is as rarely that the game is of certain quality."

Mr. W. D. Howells's *An Open-Eyed Conspiracy* is a careful and generally entertaining study of hotel society in Saratoga, in which our old friends Mr. and Mrs. March move quietly and with their customary acuteness of observation. The story is of the slightest, but it has an interesting analysis of character and temperament involved. The local color is strong and true. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has a large constituency of readers. *Mrs. Keith's Crime* is one of the best-liked of Mrs. Clifford's novels, though as a study of sorrow, disease, and death it is one of the most depressing books ever written. It has now reached a sixth edition. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——Mr. Cy Warman has collected in a volume half a dozen stories of railroad life under the general title *The Express Messenger, and Other Tales of the Rail*. Mr. Warman is at his best when he is describing the actual experiences of locomotive engineers, with which he is personally familiar; he is at his worst when he allows his imagination to roam amid the fantastic and ghostly. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——Marion Harland, in *An Old-Field School-Girl*, not only gives a faithful representation of the Virginian life of half a century ago, but presents in a clever and humorous way several typical characters worth knowing. An old-field school, some of our readers may not know, was one placed in a tract of land worn out by overcultivation and then given over for a resting-time to be used as the site of a neighborhood school-house. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——*Pontiac*, by Colonel H. R. Gordon (an English author, if we mistake not), is a stirring though somewhat crude story of the siege of Detroit by this famous Indian chief. The illustrations are rather better than is usual in tales of this kind. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

In issuing a capital translation of M. Émile Zola's *Lourdes* the Macmillan Company, New York, does well to call attention to the fact that it is the initial volume of a trilogy, "The Three Cities." M. Zola's intention in publishing "Lourdes" was to show both what the Church of Rome had done for humanity and the depths of superstition into which it had been led. The second volume of the trilogy, namely, "Rome," answers the question whether it is possible for the Church finally to rescue humanity—a question to which M. Zola replies in the negative. It is supposed that the third volume of the series, "Paris," will show the state of anarchy which must result if mankind realizes that beliefs are vain. M. Zola is indeed repugnant to us in the cynicisms and the brutalities of most of his novels, but it must be admitted that in "Lourdes" he produced a work which will interest and instruct, if it does not please, every one.

Mr. Kirk Munroe, the author of "Snow-shoes and Sledges," "The Fur Seal's Tooth," etc., has written a capital story of adventure, *The Painted Desert*, which is likely to appeal to all boys. The principal character is that of a young American who was lost while passing over one of the Western deserts, but who finally discovers a hidden valley lying in the interior of a high plateau. His adventures there make up the plot of the tale. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

SCIENCE

Dr. E. W. Scripture, the Director of the Yale Psychological Laboratory, is rapidly making a very high reputation for himself by his original work. Under the title *The New Psychology* he shows with a wealth of illustration what has actually been done in the new methods of psychological investigation. It is indeed extraordinary to note the results obtained by physical experiment in measuring thought, sensation, feeling, and action. To give only one illustration among dozens that might be adduced, it has been found possible to show positively just how much was retained by the memory of a certain number of words repeated after a given time, and to calculate the percentage of the amount forgotten to the original labor. We hope at some future time to speak of the methods of Dr. Scripture and of the results that he has obtained at greater length than is now possible. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Hallucinations and Illusions is the title of a study of the fallacies of perception by Mr. Edmund Parish, which ought to be of interest

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to every psychologist. The book is due to the fact that its author has discovered descriptions only of single aspects of hallucination, such as fallacies of perception occurring under morbid conditions, or in dreams, throwing at most but a casual glance at related phenomena. The waking hallucinations of healthy persons have been more or less ignored. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Children, whether in kindergarten or out, will be delighted with the tales about butterflies, snails, ants, beetles, spiders, caterpillars, and other insects, which have been told by Clara Dillingham Pierson in her kindergarten work. These are now gathered into a volume which Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have published in attractive form. The illustrations by Mr. F. C. Gordon deserve special commendation.

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

The Ancient Faith in Modern Light is the title of a work of real value imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The volume comprises essays by the Rev. Drs. Vincent Tymms, Edward Medley, Alfred Cave, S. G. Green, Vaughan Pryce, Samuel Newth, Joseph Parker, William Brock, Guinness Rogers, and the late Henry Robert Reynolds. The reassertion of certain great fundamental verities of the Christian faith as found in this book is side by side with a discussion of the forms of modern criticism. Dr. Rogers's essay on "The Pulpit and the Press" has a particularly powerful appeal.—— "Father John," namely, the Most Rev. John Iliytch Sergieff, of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Kronstadt, Russia, has written a book which has been translated by Mr. E. E. Goulaeff under the title of *My Life in Christ*. (The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.) The death of Alexander III. is still so fresh in the popular mind that the request for the presence at Livadia of Father John will not have been forgotten; we find here an interesting description of the last moments of the Russian monarch. The translator tells us that Father John (or Ivan) is known and revered in every corner of Russia, and that in his ministrations both to body and soul he seems to approach to the first Apostles. His book is a devotional work, the descriptions of "moments of spiritual serenity and contemplation, of reverent feeling, of earnest self-amendment, and of peace in God."

The Times of Christ, by Lewis A. Muirhead, is one of the valuable series of "Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students," edited by Professor Marcus Dods and Dr. Alexander Whyte. The work is primarily historical, and is well executed both as to the selection of topics and their treatment. Among other chapters may be noted those upon "The Herods," "The Romans in Palestine," "The Trade and Social Condition of Palestine," "The Sadducees and the Worship of the Temple," and "The Messianic Hope.' (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Isaiah: A Study of Chapters I.–XII., by Professor H. G. Mitchell, of Boston University, is a scholarly work upon the life, times, and prophecies of Isaiah, with an independent translation of the first twelve chapters, and an independent commentary thereon. While supporting the view that the book is a welding together of earlier and later manuscripts. Professor Mitchell takes pains to show tha the additions made to the original text in the chapters here studied were not corruptions, but adaptations of Isaiah's teachings to new conditions. The volume has the merit of being readable as well as scholarly. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The Mohammedan Controversy and Other Indian Articles, by Sir William Muir, is a volume of great value to all students of comparative religion, and to all persons interested in the intellectual side of missionary work among the Mohammedans. Not only is Sir William Muir's scholarship upon these subjects exhaustive, but the style is clear, and the subject matter often of the profoundest interest. Two concluding essays on "The Indian Liturgy" and "The Psalter" urge strongly a revision of the English Church to meet the needs of Indian life, and in general greater freedom both in the selection of Psalms and the use of unfixed forms. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Social Teaching of Jesus, by Shailer Mathews, A.M., Professor of New Testament History and Interpretation in the University of Chicago, is a clear and forcible essay on Christ's attitude toward society. To a large extent, of course, Professor Mathews finds that the sociology of Jesus is identical with his own, but his own has been strongly influenced by his desire to find and follow what Jesus taught. Such a study is sure to be useful, and if the reader sometimes feels that the Jesus here presented has the spirit of which the world for the most part approves

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rather than that which brings its persecution, he will with renewed interest turn to the words of Jesus as narrated in the four Gospels. The collection of these words, after the manner adopted by Albert E. Waffle in "Christianity and Property," would form a most valuable supplement to this book. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

HISTORY AND ART

The Very Rev. Charles William Stubbs, D.D., Dean of Ely, has published an interesting book on the *Historical Memorials of Ely Cathedral*, a book which, in paper, print, illustrations, and binding, has been issued in admirable taste. No visitor to Ely can there be who will not say Amen to the Dean's glowing words concerning the first view of the great Minster rising out of the fens, or to his estimate of the Octagon of Alan de Walsingham; indeed, many may have thought, with Dr. Stubbs, that there is hardly a shrine of worship so noble, so inspiring and uplifting. While the book deals almost too much in details for the ordinary reader, it will appeal to those—and they are not a few—who love to dip a little beneath the surface. The chronological table is particularly full and instructive. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

POEMS

Mr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, Professor of Poetry at the University of Chicago, and the author of "The Epic of Saul," has now appropriately followed that publication with *The Epic of Paul*, in the same verse. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.) Like the "Saul," "Paul" is a poem to which the word "largeness" well applies in both plot and style; yet this poem is well proportioned, and Mr. Wilkinson understands how to use the inspiringly dramatic situations in Paul's life so as to bring out impressive but not too melodic lines in strong relief. The subject is a noble one and the story skillfully constructed, but, if we may be allowed a criticism, it would be that Paul seems to be made almost too stately and Miltonic a figure: we have not forgotten the late M. Renan's description of the "ugly little Jew." Paul's appearance, however, as the French historian was careful to add, must have only added a picturesque force to the elevation and wonderfulness of his words. In Mr. Wilkinson's transcript of them there is a certain sense of rather severe serenity, evenness, and repose not without its own appeal. The most interesting dramatic situations in the book are those in which certain minor characters (quite as distinctly outlined as the principal one) play for the nonce a chief part. Such situations are the interview with Gamaliel, the distress of Shimei, the baptism of Krishna, a Buddhist convert, the death of Mary Magdelene, and the fascination of Nero by Drusilla.

BIOGRAPHY

Professor George Saintsbury has added the most notable volume to the "Famous Scots" series which that series has yet included—namely, *Sir Walter Scott*. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) This new biography and literary estimate awaken genuine interest. We have all read the Waverley Novels and the Scott poems, and we have all read Lockhart. Hence every one has his own idea of just what Scott was and of just how valuable are his works, individually and collectively; but, after all is said, we like to turn to the pages of such a critic as Professor Saintsbury and read what he has to say. As to Scott's character, most of us will agree that "more blameless morally, I think, few men have been; fewer still better equipped with the positive virtues." As to his career, we may or may not believe in our author's notion that its somber close has attracted disproportionate attention. Finally, as to Scott's literary value, we may or may not think that he had a greater grasp of the actual working motives and conduct of mankind than any writer who has had such a sense of the past and of tradition. However these things be, every Scott-lover will be pleased to find Professor Saintsbury denouncing the ridiculous complaint that Scott is commonplace and conventional, not merely in thought but in expression. It is also a satisfaction to find Scott's breadth of touch dealt with after the manner of Mr. Balfour the other day in unveiling the Westminster Abbey monument.

The character of Thomas Arnold and the genius of his first biographer, Dean Stanley, have set before the world an ideal of which, as Professor Saintsbury says, it is safe to say that nothing that should lower it need be feared, and hardly anything to heighten it can be reasonably hoped. Yet within a month we have had two books on Arnold. Quickly following Mr. Finlay's comes Sir Joshua Fitch's *Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and their Influence on English Education*. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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Like Mr. Finlay, Sir Joshua Fitch is not overvivacious in his style, even though his subject-matter occasionally tempts it. While the book, therefore, is not picturesque, it gives us a sober and lucid estimate of the two educators by one who has had peculiar opportunities of understanding them at first hand. The last chapter of the book, the one on Matthew Arnold's position in literature, though not an essential chapter for a work of this scope, is as interesting as any, and will help men more correctly to understand the real place in literature of that admirable poet and essayist.

ESSAYS

Certain Accepted Heroes, and Other Essays in Literature and Politics, by Henry Cabot Lodge, make a volume distinctly worth reading. No effort is required for this, for the essays are uniformly so fresh, vigorous, and spirited that the reader is soon carried along by the momentum of their rapid movement. For a man prominently identified with conservatism, Senator Lodge's mind has a notably radical quality. He is not a conservative any more than Ruksin is a conservative. He wishes to destroy as many things as any radical; the only difference is that he does not wish to destroy the same things. The first essay, "As to Certain Accepted Heroes," attacks the conventional view of Homer's "buccaneers" quite in the spirit of the hardest fighters among them. Similarly, the second essay, on "The Last Plantagenet," attempts, though confessedly without hope, to relieve Richard III. of the obloquy fastened upon him by the genius of Shakespeare. The third essay, on "Shakespeare's Americanism," will be read with zest by all Americans who have noted the "certain condescension" of our English cousins regarding our "provincial" idioms. Our interjection "well," our use of "sick" instead of "ill" as applicable to all kinds of diseases, our proverbial "guess" in the sense of "think," and several other Americanisms of the same sort, are shown to be thoroughly Shakespearean. The other essays have, as a rule, the same characteristic of hurling defiance at accepted notions. The essay on "A Liberal Education" conservatively indorses the policy of our colleges to require the students to be brought to the threshold of the classic literature, whether they are likely ever to cross it or not, but protests vigorously against the tendency of university education to make men cosmopolitan in their point of view to the extent of undervaluing their own country, and failing to sympathize with its popular movements. With this strongly American sentiment most American radicals will probably agree; but when, in discussing "Our Foreign Policy," Senator Lodge urges such a jealousy of foreign powers as would maintain a strong army and a great fleet, those who inherit the spirit of Jefferson will protest against his application of the word "American" to the immemorial policy of all the reactionaries of Europe. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Social Transformations of the Victorian Age, by T. H. S. Escott, is by all odds the best volume peculiarly appropriate to the Jubilee year that has yet appeared, and no better is likely to appear. Mr. Escott is already widely known as the author of "England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits," and in the preparation of the present volume he has had the collaboration of very eminent specialists in various fields. The transformations that have been wrought in the increase of wealth, popular education, political liberty, and community of sentiment, are all brought out forcibly and without that effort at panegyric usually so hurtful to books of this character. Besides these more general developments, which constitute the main theme of the work, there are special chapters on the transformations of Victorian science, music, and art, in the treatment of invalid life, and in the character of religious thought. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

To write a book on serious subjects with so light and humorous a touch that the reader treasures up sentences for dinner conversations, and rushes about the house to find some one with whom to share the wit and wisdom of its pages, is to confer a blessing on the human race, now laboring under the great disadvantage of too great a weight of seriousness. This Lillian Bell has succeeded in doing in her delightful series of essays entitled *From a Girl's Point of View*. (Harper & Brothers, New York.) It is a book to place within the reach of the young man who has not yet measured himself with the rest of the world's great men; of the girl who has taken her social measurements from the heroes in her favorite novels; and of the man whose horizon is bounded by the circle of his own interests.

It is announced that Mrs. Burnett's new novel, "His Grace of Osmonde," is a story of

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that nobleman's life omitted from the narrative entitled "A Lady of Quality."

Literary Notes

—A tablet has just been affixed to the Hotel zum Ross, in Gera, Thuringia, where Goethe wrote his "Hermann and Dorothea." Goethe spent much of the year 1796 at Gera.

—Readers of Renan will be interested in the announcement that his biography is about to be published by Madame Darmesteter. The late Madame Renan gave to the biographer much assistance, and Madame Psichari, Renan's daughter, is now revising the proofs.

—The dramatic adaptation of Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister" received its first presentation in America last week at the Lafayette Square Theater in Washington. Miss Maude Adams was the star, and both play and star were well received by an audience which included several members of the Cabinet and other high officials.

—A welcome surprise comes in the announcement of the publication of another work by Mr. Ruskin. In 1871 he lectured on landscape at Oxford, but the lectures were then withheld from publication owing to the difficulty and expense of reproducing the particular examples which Mr. Ruskin wished to explain his text. It is possible to reproduce them now, however, owing to the improvements made in photogravure and lithography. The pictures referred to in the text are in the University Galleries, in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford, and in Mr. Ruskin's private collection.

—The late Franz Aurelius Pulszky, the Hungarian archæologist and publicist, was the author of some notable books, including "The Philosophy of Hungarian History," "My Life and Times," and "The Jacobins in Hungary." As a young man, Pulszky traveled extensively, and when only twenty-two years old was nominated to be a member of the Archæological Institute of Rome. He allied himself with Kossuth and the Liberal party, and was elected a deputy to the Hungarian Diet, where he distinguished himself as an orator. In 1848 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Finance Department in the administration of Prince Batthyanyi. He then went to the Foreign Department through the favor of Prince Esterhazy. His Radicalism, however, won him such enmity that he finally made his way to England, to which country Kossuth had been appointed Ambassador. He also accompanied the ex-Dictator to this country. His adventures during this period are related in a book entitled "White, Red, and Black," which was written in collaboration with his wife. Pulszky was condemned to death for high treason, and retired to Italy, where he enlisted with the Garibaldians. In 1866 he was pardoned and again elected a Deputy. Three years later he was made Director of the National Hungarian Museum, and again three years later Inspector-General of Museums and Public Libraries.

Books Received

For the week ending September 10

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Sergieff, John I. My Life in Christ.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Mitchell, H. G. Isaiah: A Study of Chapters I.-XII. $2.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Pierson, Clara D. Among the Meadow People. $1.25.
Gordon, H. R. Pontiac: A Tale of Detroit. $1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, NEW YORK

Wilkinson, W. C. The Epic of Paul. $2.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Clifford, Mrs. W. K. Mrs. Keith's Crime. $1.
Howells, W. D. An Open-Eyed Conspiracy. $1.
Munroe, Kirk. The Painted Desert. $1.25.
Bell, Lilian. From a Girl's Point of View. $1.25.
Lodge, Henry Cabot. Certain Accepted Heroes. $1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Shakespeare, William. Hamlet (Riverside Edition).

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Lillie, Arthur. Croquet. $1.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Zola, Émile. Lourdes. 2 Vols. $2.
Balzac, H. de. Seraphita. $1.50.
Mathews, Shailer. The Social Teaching of Jesus. $1.50.
Edward III. (Temple Dramatists.) 45 cts.
Chapman, George. Homer's Odyssey. (Temple Classics.) 2 Vols. 50 cts. each.
Montaigne's Essays. Vol. II. (Temple Classics.) 50 cts.
Boswell's Johnson. Vol. II. (Temple Classics.) 50 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Carlyle, Thomas. (Centenary Edition.) Life of John Sterling; Past and Present; Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches (Vol. IV.). $1.25 per vol.
Tymms, T. V., Edward Medley, and others. The Ancient Faith in Modern Light.
Dickens, Charles. (Gadshill Edition, edited by Andrew Lang.) The Old Curiosity Shop. 2 Vols. $1.50 each.
Escott, T. H. S. Social Transformations of the Victorian Age. $2.
Stubbs, C. W., Dean of Ely. Ely Cathedral. $2.50.
Muir, Sir William. The Mohammedan Controversy, etc. $3.
Warman, Cy. The Express Messenger. $1.25.
Fitch, Sir Joshua, M.A., LL.D. Thomas and Matthew Arnold. $1.
Parish, Edmund. Hallucinations and Illusions. (Imported.) $1.25.
Saintsbury, George. Sir Walter Scott. (Imported.) 75 cts.
Scripture, E. W., Ph.D. The New Psychology. (Imported.) $1.25.
Harland, Marion. An Old-Field School-Girl. $1.25.
Muirhead, Lewis A., B.D. The Times of Christ. (Imported.) 60 cts.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Light that Failed. (Vol. IX., Kipling's Works.)

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Boswell, James. The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., and A Tour to the Hebrides. Edited by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. $2.
Witts, Florence. The Christian Endeavor Birthday Book. 75 cts.

WOLCOTT & WEST, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Osborne, John H. Crucifixion. 60 cts.

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The Religious World

Canon Gore's Retreat at Albany

About seventy Episcopal clergymen from many different dioceses assembled at the Retreat held at All Saints' Cathedral last week. The rule of silence was strictly observed throughout the Retreat. At meals Dean Robbins read a series of Dean Church's sermons, preached at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The retreatants were all cared for in the ample building of St. Agnes School, opposite to the Cathedral—which institution, with its beautiful grounds and spacious halls and corridors, seemed to be made on purpose for such a semi-monastic gathering. Canon Fulcher was the Chaplain of the Retreat, performing all the different devotional offices, while Dean Robbins cared for the guests and looked after their comfort. It was a great privilege to have as the superior-general of the occasion the lately returned head of the diocese, Bishop Doane, who was at every service, and at every point of contact with the visiting clergymen, so that he seemed indeed to be the master and father of this school of the prophets—as Dr. Arnold was the master at Rugby. Bishop Hall, of Vermont, Coadjutor Bishop-elect Brewster, of Connecticut, the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, author of "The Voice in the Wilderness," and many other well-known doctors of divinity and clergymen, were in attendance; but as the rule of silence was as strictly obeyed as in a Trappist Monastery, there was no occasion for any other voice to be heard save the voice of the conductor of the Retreat and the chaplain who said the offices.

Canon Gore, by his Retreat at Albany, has shown to the Church in America that power which has marked him as an author, a preacher, and a director of conscience, and has given him an impressive leadership in the English Church. One was in doubt whether to admire most the rationality of the man, his moral and religious saneness, his critical judgment, or his faculty of spiritual apprehension. The iron heated in the forge and worked upon the anvil reveals the strength of the metal, the pervasive power of the heat, and the skill of the workman. And the retreatants at Albany, as they listened to his wonderful interpretation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, wondered alike at the strength of the truth taught, at the pervasive spiritual sense which turned doctrine into a living force, and at the subtle ethical skill which made the Epistle live as it had never lived in the minds of those who had read it so many times before. After this Retreat, the secret of Canon Gore's power over men and ministers is plain, and justifies those who have put their full belief in him.

W. W. N.

Pittsfield, Mass.

An Indian Fourth of July

A recent letter from one of the missionaries of the American Missionary Association presents a different phase of Indian life and other and more gentle methods of reaching and uplifting these red people of our prairies than are sometimes advocated by writers on the subject. The writer of this letter has had long experience among the Indians, and has not come to conclusions from superficial investigation. These facts are somewhat old, but they throw light upon the Indian problem, which with us is always new, and certainly are encouraging to those who believe that there is a generous Christian solution of the Indian problem. The missionary writes as follows:

Yesterday I returned from Fort Yates, where I had been participating with our people in their Fourth of July celebration. I wish you could have been with us. I was proud of our Indian friends, and their quiet, orderly demeanor served as a surprise to some of their white guests from the Post who came to see them celebrate. The Rev. I. H. B. Headley, whom you may have known in New York and Boston, and who is now an army chaplain at Fort Yates, accepted an invitation to attend our Sunday morning service in the booth, July 4. At the close he said to me: "I wouldn't have missed it for anything." The wife of a young army officer who was present said: "This is a sight I never expected to see. It seems so strange to see Indians partaking of the Communion, when a few years ago they were doing anything but that." There were probably from seven hundred to a thousand Indians, who were camped about the mission in a great circle (as usual) for a week. During the time I did not see or hear of any drunkenness, rowdyism, or disturbance of any sort. Among those present there were only one or two policemen (all the others having gone to attend the Catholic celebration at Rock Creek), and their services were not needed officially. This was noticed and commented on by some of the white visitors from the Post. Indeed, some of our guests would have done well to take pattern after the Indians in quiet, reverent demeanor during the

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Sunday services and the exercises of the morning after the addresses were made. Nearly all, if not everything, was planned and superintended by the Indians themselves, and they certainly deserve much credit for the manner in which they celebrated. Even their games in the afternoon, into which they entered with enthusiasm, were characterized by the same self-control and gentle, manly behavior as the rest. And as soon as the boys were through with their fun in sending off the Roman candles (which we all enjoyed with them), the great camp quieted at once for the night. Others who looked on during the days spent there agreed with me that the same number of white people if assembled on such an occasion could not have been more quiet and orderly, and we thought would probably be less so. Now that our people have come home, they are starting out at once on their haying. Poor things! I am glad I have cast my lot among them, and only wish that I might do more.

That testimony does not indicate that the Indian problem is hopeless by any means.

Religious Work in Hawaii

We have received the annual report of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. The Association is composed of pastors and delegates from Congregational Associations and from a Presbytery. Its sessions were held on June 1 in the Kawaiahao Church at Honolulu. Most of the pastors and delegates were native, and their names are unfamiliar to our readers, but among the members at large we notice such distinguished men as the Rev. C. M. Hyde, D.D., the Rev. Hiram Bingham, D.D., the Rev. S. E. Bishop, D.D., the Revs. O. P. Emerson and O. H. Gulick. The reading of this report is an inspiration. It shows what a revolution has been worked in a district which only a few years ago was in utter heathenism. The President of the Board of the Association is the Hon. A. F. Judd, LL.D., Chief Justice of the Republic. The work is of many kinds. For instance, a Committee on Foreign Missions has as its Chairman the venerable Hiram Bingham, D.D. Other Committees are those on Home Missions, Publications, Education (of which the Chief Justice is Chairman). The reports show how wide are the sympathies of Christians in that Republic. One concerns church work among the natives, another school work among the natives, another work among the Chinese, another work among the Portuguese, and another among the Japanese. Perhaps the most interesting and significant of all is the foreign department. These children of the missionaries are not unmindful of their duty to the regions which lie beyond, and they have representatives on many of the Pacific Islands. Indeed, only a few months ago the present writer met one of the students of the present Senior Class of Yale University, and a son of one of the missionaries now resident at Honolulu, who said that it was his purpose to take up the work on some one of those remote islands. The church work among the natives is described as in a peculiarly hopeful condition, and all the parishes are united in earnest effort for an improved spiritual condition. The Christian schools of the islands are among the most encouraging features of the work. Some of them would compare well with any schools in this country or Europe. A large proportion of the English-speaking foreigners resident at Honolulu have a church of their own. It might be called the cathedral church of the islands. The Rev. D. P. Birnie, formerly from Boston, is the pastor of this church, and few ministers anywhere in the world have a more intelligent or inspiring congregation. From what we are able to learn from this report it is evident that, whatever may be the future of the political relations of the Hawaiian Islands, those who have charge of their religious affairs are earnest, aggressive, and successful.

Pacific Theological Seminary

The "Pacific" of September 8 (and this, by the way, under its new management, is a very live and able paper) contains an elaborate account of the history and purposes of the Pacific Theological Seminary, of which the Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., is now the President. Among those who have been most eminent in this work in the past are the Rev. Joseph A. Benton, D.D., and the Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D.D. The former was connected with the institution for twenty-three years, and the latter about six. There have been about one hundred and twenty students connected with the institution. Three missions of the American Board, those in Mexico, West Central Africa, and in Southern China, were started by graduates of this Seminary. It has been peculiarly a missionary institution. Its course of study has steadily improved. At first it was destined to meet emergencies, and the course was naturally incomplete; but now strong professors are in the various departments, and the institution is as well equipped as many of the older ones at the East. One branch of the work is a lay training class, which was started in re-

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sponse to the demand for trained workers other than those who fill pulpits. This means that the Seminary aims to provide competent superintendents of Sunday-schools, assistant pastors, and workers in the Y. M. C. A. The instruction in this course is given by the President and professors, and also by neighboring pastors. There is great need of an increased endowment, but this is a cry which comes from all institutions, both East and West. The progress of education during the last few years on the Pacific coast has been very rapid. The University of California and the Leland Stanford University are among the best equipped in the country, while the Pacific Theological Seminary, as well as the Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, are fully abreast of the time, and make a trip across the continent for theological instruction no longer a necessity.

Professor George D. Herron

After three years abroad spent in recreation and study, Professor George D. Herron is reported to have regained his strength, and will take up his work in Iowa College, Iowa, in the fall. While abroad Professor Herron has attracted much attention in England, where his friends have invited him to deliver a course of lectures in the spring. He is also invited to visit California. Professor Herron has prepared a course of lectures bearing upon the social and religious life of our times, which he will probably deliver upon his return to the United States.

A Golden Jubilee

Probably few men in our country are finer representatives of the old type of New England pastor than the Rev. Daniel T. Fiske, D.D., who has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as pastor of the Belleville Congregational Church of Newburyport, Mass. The celebration occurred on the fourteenth of September, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. Professor E. A. Grosvenor, President Franklin Carter, LL.D., the Rev. John B. Kingsbury, D.D., and the Rev. Professor E. C. Smyth, D.D. The addresses were at eleven o'clock, in the church. They were followed by a dinner, and in the evening Dr. and Mrs. Fiske received their friends at the parsonage. For many years Dr. Fiske has been one of the most distinguished citizens of the city of which he is a resident, and one of the most influential pastors in the Congregational churches of New England. He has long been a member of the Board of Trustees of Andover Theological Seminary, and for several years has been President of the Board. While he represents the elder type of New England ministers, he is one of the most genial and delightful of men, and his mind has always been open to all the light which modern investigation could throw upon theology and the spiritual life. A host of friends outside of New England join with his church in congratulating Dr. Fiske on his long and noble ministry.

Union Theological Seminary

The opening exercises of Union Theological Seminary are taking place in the Seminary Chapel while we are going to press. The Chapel has been greatly improved and beautified. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall now enters upon his duties as President of the institution. The opening address is given by Dr. Marvin R. Vincent. Dr. Hastings, the retiring President, continues in the chair of Sacred Rhetoric. Dr. Briggs will return and begin his duties in the winter. Professor Brown, who has had a serious illness, has recovered, and will be ready for his duties. Mr. J. Everett Frame, a Fellow of the Seminary, after two years' study in Germany becomes tutor in New Testament Greek. The Ely Lectures for the year are to be delivered by the Rev. John H. Barrows, D.D., who will give to the Seminary the results of his studies in the progress of Christianity in Asia. The outlook for the Seminary was never more encouraging.

The Rev. Samuel B. Charlesworth

Every one in this country is interested in all that concerns the life and work of Mrs. Ballington Booth. A host of friends will unite with her in mourning the loss of her distinguished father. Mr. Charlesworth recently died at his home in Bath, England. He was the brother of Miss M. J. Charlesworth, so widely known as the author of "Ministering Children." In his early career Mr. Charlesworth was vicar of the parish of Limpsfield, Essex, and afterwards of the great metropolitan parish of Limehouse, East London. His wife was always a prominent figure in the famous Mildmay Conferences, and a speaker of recognized power. In the early days of the Salvation Army Mr. Charlesworth looked upon their efforts with great favor, and allowed them the use of the Limehouse Rectory grounds

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for their open-air meetings. It was there that Mrs. Booth, while still a child, came in contact with the movement. Mr. Charlesworth regarded the Salvation Army with very different views a few years later, and especially when his daughter declared her intention of throwing in her lot with it. At the time of her marriage with Mr. Ballington Booth a prolonged and bitter newspaper dispute took place in the columns of the London "Times" between General Booth and Mr. Charlesworth. This was followed by an estrangement between father and daughter which lasted many years. In the fall of 1894, immediately after the visit of General Booth to this country, Mr. Charlesworth visited his daughter, and for the first time heard her speak in the Congregational church of Montclair. It was a revelation to him. As he afterwards admitted, he had no idea of the magnitude or nobility of the work Mrs. Booth was doing in this country. His last years were largely spent in correspondence with the daughter from whom he had been so long separated, in which he strove unceasingly to encourage and support her in her work. When the painful separation from the Salvation Army took place, Mr. Charlesworth lost no time in declaring his full sympathy with the action Commander and Mrs. Booth had taken; and his expressions of admiration for the principles and work of the Volunteers were emphatic and unequivocal. He was an astronomer of no mean repute, and on his visit to this country three years ago he bore a commission from the "Times" to report upon the transit of Mercury. He was very warmly received by the authorities at Columbia College and at the Washington Observatory. He leaves behind him three daughters, the youngest of whom is Mrs. Booth. Mrs. Booth's sisters are both married to Church of England clergymen, who are also very warm supporters of the Volunteer work—the Rev. Charles Barclay, of Hertford Heath, and the Rev. Frederick Mann, of Chigwell, Essex.

Abel Stevens, LL.D.

One of the most distinguished ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this century was the Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D., who died at San José, Cal., September 11, at the age of eighty-two. In a brief paragraph it will be impossible for us to do more than mention the place which this great man occupied in the Church of which he was so long an ornament and a servant. He occupied pastorates in New England and New York. When he was but twenty-five years of age he was made editor of "Zion's Herald," and continued in that position for twelve years, preaching at the same time with great regularity. He was the first editor of the "National Magazine." In 1856 he became editor of the "Christian Advocate and Journal." Dr. Buckley says of him: "He was the most popular editor the paper had ever had." He was a prominent figure in the discussions of the slavery question. He wrote many books, among which are the "History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism," "The Powers of the General Conference," "The Life and Times of Nathan Bangs." Perhaps his greatest book is the "History of American Methodism." Advancing years and impaired health of late have interfered with his work, but those familiar with the development of Methodism in the United States during this century will always give him a large place in their thought. He was a versatile writer, a brilliant speaker, and ever an earnest and consecrated man.

Another Anniversary

Monsignor George H. Doane, pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral Parish in Newark, and brother of Bishop Doane, of Albany, celebrated on September 12 the fortieth anniversary of his ordination as a priest in the Roman Catholic Church. The celebration was largely attended, and the congratulations from various parts of the country were numerous. Dr. Doane is the eldest son of the Rev. George W. Doane, the second Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey. He was born in 1830, and began his ministry in the Episcopal Church. In 1855 he became a Roman Catholic. During the war he was a chaplain, and was present at the first battle of Bull Run. He is as highly esteemed in the Roman Catholic Church as his distinguished brother, the Bishop of Albany, is in the Episcopal Church.

The New Haven Congregational Club is to hold a meeting on Monday evening, October 11, and desires, through The Outlook, to invite all those who are coming to New Haven to attend the meeting of the American Board, which begins the next day, to be guests of the Club. There will be a supper at 6:30, followed by a number of brief addresses. All who intend to accept this invitation must notify the Secretary, the Rev. C. F. Clarke, Whitneyville, Conn., not later than the 6th of October, in order that seats at the tables may be provided.

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Correspondence

The "Imitation of Christ"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I was interested in Dr. Huntington's article on the "Imitation of Christ." In it he says (p. 76): "Unexpectedly, we find in Dean Milman alone, with qualified commendations, a censorship amounting to bitterness." In this connection I may quote the following, as a curiosity, from a preface written by the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., the well-known hymn-writer, to an American edition of Dr. Tholuck's "Hours of Devotion:" "We suspect that Protestants have no idea what a thoroughly evil book the 'Imitation of Christ' is. Our English versions strip it of its abominations, and in so doing tend to make us think better both of the man and the system than we are warranted in doing. The fourth book, which is wholly omitted, is Romish all over, and even from the expurgated work itself, in the shape in which it is now published, what do we find that would lead a sinner to know the footing on which he is to come to God? What is there of the righteousness of God's Eternal Son? It is well to call us to the imitation of Christ, but how is that imitation to *begin?* Surely it must begin in becoming like to him in *filial confidence.* If this is not the beginning, what resemblance can there be between us and the confiding Son of the Father?"

A. H. N.

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article on "Educational Work among the Colored People" in The Outlook of September 11 contains a statement concerning the American Missionary Association's part, at the present time, which needs to be somewhat modified. Apparently the author forgets that this society has an extensive work in the South for white people. Perhaps this is not very strange, for in the official reports the work for "Indians" is distinctly specified, and also that for "Chinese," but the work for the white and the colored people is placed under one heading, "The South," without designation of race, so that a person unfamiliar with the field could hardly be expected to make the discrimination.

With the proper deduction on account of the work for white people, the number of schools for colored people is fifty-seven instead of seventy-six, with 347 teachers (enrolled in the February magazine of this year) instead of 413, and about 10,000 pupils instead of 12,449.

In like manner, it is an overstatement to say that "the Association is now expending about $1,000 a day in carrying on this work." According to the last Annual Report, the total expenditures were $381,790.55 (of which $70,567.20 was from the Hand Fund). Dividing this amount by 365 gives the daily sum for all work $1,046. But the expenditures are distributed as follows:

For the Chinese	$10,841 50
For the Indians	38,799 32
Foreign Missions	4,490 50
Publications, Agencies, Administration, Miscellaneous, and Expenses for Hand Fund	65,411 89
The South ($197,780.14 + Hand Fund $64,467.20)	262,247 54

Of the last sum there was spent $4,638 for insurance, express, etc., and $32,000 for work among white people, leaving $225,600 for the work among the colored people, which is equivalent to about $600 a day instead of $1,000.

G. S. D.

Children's Reading

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I notice in your issue of September 11, in an article upon reading for children, the following statement made by the writer: "I am sorry to be sorry that the children love Miss Alcott"—and the only explanation given of this view seems to be that Miss Alcott's literary style is not the stepping-stone to the finest literary taste. I think that most people who are interested in children and their development will agree with me that the object of a child's reading is twofold: first, to develop in the child a taste for what is sound and true in life; and, second, the power of discriminating between a story well or poorly told. Children, like older people, are wont to think that if life were not so ordinary and so lacking in real incident the heroic would be much more possible; the thrill that they feel in reading of Scott's knights and ladyes is a thrill they never feel in the little fights of every day. The keynote to all of Miss Alcott's writings seems to me to be that the truest, noblest opportunities in life for hero-

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ism are those that come, not to knights and ladyes, princes and princesses, but to every child in every land, in the particular home which each child occupies, in patient endurance of the little annoyances and trials that come to all children, the making of family life better and brighter in spite of poverty, trouble, and discouragements of all kinds. If there is any nobler lesson than this to teach boys and girls, if there is any training for life superior to it, I shall be willing to see our beloved Miss Alcott laid aside for some one whose literary style is more finished and who can teach this lesson with more truth and force. At present, I, with thousands of girls and boys who have found inspiration in the homely sermon so naturally and sweetly preached, would consider it an irreparable loss should these same beloved stories be withheld for literary shortcomings from the girls and boys of the coming generation.

A. G. B.

Hartford, Conn.

Long Hymns in Church Service

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"A Hearer" in The Outlook of September 4 wonders why pastors so often ask the congregation to omit stanzas of hymns in singing. I should like to explain why I, for one, never like to ask an audience to sing more than four stanzas of any hymn, and of most hymns but one. I think my prejudice dates back to boyhood days, and comes from the unutterable weariness of the flesh—and of the spirit as well—which possessed me when we arose to sing in closing six stanzas, long meter, to some old, barren, worn-out tune. The organ was wheezy, the playing very amateur, and the carrying voices explosive and cracked. The sermon had been voluminous and dull, the air stifling, the seats—wooden chairs and pine benches—had tortured one to satiety, and the change to the rising position only added to the discomfort, for one could stand only in some twisted or bent attitude, while every joint ached with long-repressed activity. The accumulated misery of those last three stanzas is fresh in my mind after a lapse of twenty years; and I dearly loved music, too. I can but wonder what it must have been to those who cared little for the hymns—for there are such in every audience. That look of patient endurance I have often seen since in my own audiences; delicate women with lips set tight waiting for the final benediction—benediction, indeed!—and even sturdy men nerving themselves unto the end. I feel sorry enough to have to excruciate them with dull sermons; I have not the heart to add to it with long hymns. Of course eloquent men, with fine, well-ventilated churches, roomy, cushioned pews, and a harmonious choir, do not have this difficulty to contend with. I am speaking merely of the fifty thousand smaller, duller, weaker preachers and audiences.

Probably the remedy for this defect of service lies in a better choice and execution of hymns. Hymns should be well selected, and there should be some especial feature about each. To keep an audience vitally interested, a hymn should be either very appropriate to the subject, or breathe some deep spiritual emotion, or be really beautiful in tune and words, or be as the breath of a trumpet to a high enthusiasm. Even then, unless the hymn is of surpassing quality, or the audience more than ordinarily devout or patient, it would seem most prudent to err on the side of brevity.

C. J. S.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

While very much interested in the article of the editor-in-chief on "Christianity," in your issue for August 21, yet I was greatly surprised that you should adduce Romans i., 6, and John i., 12, in support of one of your propositions. Although in the Authorized Version we have "power" in both places, in the original they are different words, conveying entirely different ideas. I should be sorry to think you followed the Old Version in preference to the New. Will you kindly explain?

W. D.

In Romans the word is *dynamis*, from which comes our word dynamics; it signifies *power* generally, and may refer either to physical or moral power. In John the word is *exousia*, which etymologically signifies possibility, but secondarily ability, faculty, or authority, and is generally used by John in the latter sense. See John v., 27; x., 18; xvii., 2. The two words do not, therefore, convey entirely different ideas. Paul says generally that the Gospel confers *power;* John says more specifically that Christ confers a *moral* power, a regal *authority*. The passage is parallel to Matthew's declaration that Christ confers upon his disciples the

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keys of the kingdom. See Luthardt and Tholuck on John i., 12.

Kindly give me the names of half a dozen books on birds, suitable for persons beginning the study. Also the names of three reliable works on Ethics—not historical. E. M.

1. The following books on birds are popular in style:

For young readers: Hayward, J. N., "Bird Notes;" Keyser, "Bird-dom" and "In Bird Land;" Miller, Olive Thorne, "Little Brothers of the Air" and "Bird Ways;" Chapman, "Bird Life;" Grant, "Our Common Birds;" Wright and Coues, "Citizen Bird." For older students: Chapman, "Handbook of Birds of N. E. America;" Nuttals, edited by Chamberlain, "Popular Handbook of the Ornithology of N. E. America."

2. On Ethics, for older pupils, see the excellent manuals of Professors Muirhead and Dewey. For the younger, see President W. D. Hyde's "Practical Ethics" and "Laws of Daily Conduct," by N. P. Gilman and E. P. Jackson.

In respect of Dr. Abbott's sermon on "Immortality," and where the Greek of the Oxford text demands the translation, "Ye believe in God, and in Me ye believe," or, which I do not like so well, "Believe in God, and in Me believe," why does Dr. Abbott use the indicative form in the first clause and the imperative in the second clause? H. M. F.

The Greek word rendered "believe" is the same form of the same verb in both clauses. Grammatically it can be rendered either as an indicative or as an imperative: the two forms are the same. Both the Old and the New Versions accept the view of most modern commentators, and translate one as an indicative, the other as an imperative. The context seems to us to justify this rendering. The disciples' faith in God is stated as a ground for the pathetic appeal of Christ to them to have faith in him.

A writer in the number of The Outlook for September 4, at page 67, says: "The old translation 'a drop in a bucket' is absolutely incorrect," and then criticises the preposition "in." His quotation is absolutely incorrect, as the phrase referred to appears in both the common version and the revised version, "a drop *of* a bucket." (Isa. xl., 15.) E. T.

Our contributor was mistaken in using "in" for "of." His point, however, about the superiority of "from" holds good in either case.

I learn that Charles Wagner, the author of "Youth" and "Courage," has written a book entitled "Justice," but "Justice" I cannot find. Is it translated from the French, or is it published in this country? "Youth" and "Courage" I have, but want more, if possible, from the pen of this stimulative writer; so please give a list of all his books or pamphlets translated and published in the United States. STUDENT.

"Justice" has not, we think, been published here.

I am anxious to know who the author is and where I can find the poem,

"Build thee more stately mansions,
O my Soul,
As the swift seasons pass—"

Also an old song,

"Death comes down with reckless footsteps
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking
Though the door is shut?"

H.

The first is from "The Chambered Nautilus," by O. W. Holmes.

"F. J. M.'s" inquiry, "when, where, and by whom the first camp-meeting was held," has been referred to our friend Dr. J. M. Buckley, who has kindly supplied the following note:

Camp-meetings arose on this wise. Late in 1799 or early in 1800, John and William Magee, brothers, the first a Methodist local preacher, the second a Presbyterian minister, started from their settlements in Tennessee to make a preaching tour into Kentucky. Such interest attended their work that at the next meeting many families encamped in the woods. The co-operation of these brothers was so pleasing an example of fraternity that the earliest camp-meetings included members of every denomination. Oftentimes as many as twenty thousand were present, and Presbyterian and Methodist ministers united in the work. Extraordinary phenomena occurred. So many were struck to the ground at one meeting that, to prevent their being trodden under foot by the multitude, they were laid out in order on two squares of the central meeting-house. At another meeting the number that fell was reckoned at three thousand, among whom were several Presbyterian ministers, who confessed that they had previously possessed only a speculative knowledge of religion. In view of these extraordinary circumstances the Presbyterians soon ceased to take interest in the meetings because of the excitement which attended them.

A correspondent sends the following additional list of books having to do with the Indian Mutiny:

"Maurice Dering," by Lawrence; "Stretton," by Henry Kingsley; "Cawnpore, a Monograph," by G. O. Trevelyan; "Seeta," by Meadows Taylor; "The Dilemma," by Sir George Chesney; "Touchstone of Peril" and "Eight Days," by R. E. Forrest; "In the Heart of the Storm," by Maxwell Grey; "A Great White Hand," by Murdock; "A London Legend," by Justin McCarthy; "Bryda," by Mrs. Field; "Mr. Jervis,"

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by Mrs. Crocker; "A Man of Honor," by H. C. Nevin.

"E. R. H." wishes to know the name of the author of a little poem beginning:

"There came to port this afternoon
The queerest little craft."

The author's name is George W. Cable; written on the birth of his eldest daughter, the only occasion he was ever known to drop into poetry.

E. V. B.

Where in New York City can I obtain instruction, either private or in a school, in burning designs on wood? R. A. G.

Who is the author of the following lines:

"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not again.
Wisely improve the present; it is thine.
Go forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart."

READER.

Where can I find these lines:

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

C. H. W.

Who wrote the lines:

"Nature wears the color of the spirit.
Sweetly to her worshipers she sings," etc.

J. L. P.

"E. W." will find the passage quoted in the last stanza (stanza xxxiii.) of Browning's "Easter Day." M. C. W.

About People

—Colonel I. W. Avery, who died recently from the effects of a fall, was at one time editor of the Atlanta "Constitution." Latterly he was a Commissioner to Mexico and the South American Republics for the Cotton States and International Exposition of 1895.

—It is interesting to know that Professor Goldwin Smith suggested the model now used on the medals of the Cobden Club. The motto reads: "Free Trade, Peace, Good Will among Nations." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada, is the latest recipient of a Cobden Club medal.

—General Sir Bindon Blood, the commander of the Swat Valley expedition in India, is only forty-four years old, yet this is his sixth campaign. His first active service was in the Jowaki expedition of 1877–8. His next service was in South Africa during the Zulu war. In 1879 he took part in the Afghan war. In 1882 he received a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy during the Egyptian expedition, and in 1895 he acted as chief staff officer to Sir Robert Low in Chitral.

—The other day at Mayence, Germany, Madame Christine Codini celebrated her one hundred and first birthday. She well remembers the impression which Napoleon I. made on her as a child. She is in such good health that not long since she expressed to her sixty-year-old son a wish to come to this country and visit her grandchildren.

—"Count" Leontieff, the Russian adventurer in Abyssinia, who acted as Prince Henri's second the other day in France, enjoys the distinction of being the first Abyssinian count. The Negus did not know what a count was, but on being told that it meant only a title and involved no salary, said: "Then a Count counts and costs nothing; just the thing for Leontieff."

—For the first time in thirty years Rosa Bonheur has this season exhibited some of her pictures in Paris. The reason why she has not exhibited before is that she has no need of so doing, all her pictures being sold before they are finished. This year's exhibit comprises four pastelles. All are dated 1897, and they present an evidence of wonderful industry on the part of the woman who has already lived three-quarters of a century. Rosa Bonheur's residence is near Fontainebleau, and her life is passed in as much seclusion as possible.

—The following story was told about the late Speaker Crisp in Washington the other day, says the New York "Tribune." It was election day, and the Republicans had put up a strong fight. Prominent in their ranks was an old darky, Tom. All day long he hovered around the polls, and in an impromptu procession carried a transparency. In the evening Mr. Crisp was standing in front of his hotel, when old Tom sidled bashfully up and requested the present of a dollar. "What! Tom," said Mr. Crisp, "you have the audacity to come here and ask me for a dollar after working hard against me all day?" "Well, but, Massa Chawles, I'se known you eber since you was so high, and I suttinly do need a dollar bad." "Tom," said Mr. Crisp, looking sternly at him, "didn't you cast your vote against me to-day?" Tom looked cast down for a moment. "Das'so, das'so, Massa Crisp," but, brightening up with an inspiration, "you know it gwine to count foh you,

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ennyhow. Please gimme that dollah, Massa Chawles."

—An actor is thus quoted in the Philadelphia "Record:" "There was a pathetic little incident at Mrs. John Drew's funeral on Sunday, to which I was a witness. It brought tears to my eyes. I was standing near the church door when I noticed a shabbily dressed woman trying to push her way feebly through the crowd. She was evidently very old, and her white hair and wrinkles showed that she must have been contemporaneous with Mrs. Drew. She carried in her hand a bunch of flowers that she must have picked herself. The sun had withered them, and even if fresh you might have bought them for ten cents. When she found that she couldn't get in, she turned to a man in the crowd who knew her and begged him to get in and put the flowers on Mrs. Drew's coffin. He did so, and the poor old woman's little tribute to her dead friend was placed with other and more costly flowers. I found out afterward that the old woman was Anna Cowell, once almost as prominent as Mrs. Drew, but now an inmate of the Forrest Home."

De Massa ob de Sheepfol'

The following poem has been reprinted at least once in The Outlook. We once more print it, at the request of a friend. Can any reader name the author?

De massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to the hirelin' shepa'd,
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

Bits of Fun

"They have never spoken since they took part in private theatricals," said Miss Cayenne. "I see; professional jealousy." "Oh, dear, no; something far worse. It's amateur jealousy."—*Washington Star.*

The story is told of an old peasant woman in Buckinghamshire, England, who, praising her favorite curate to the rector, exclaimed: "Ah, sir, Mr. Drone is quite an angel in sheep's clothing!"—*Exchange.*

Minister (to elderly female crofter)—I'm sorry to hear your potatoes are very bad this year, Janet. "'Deed they are, sir; but I've reason to be thankfu' to Providence that other folks are as badly off as mysel'."—*Tit-Bits.*

The ruling instinct is strong in a thrifty housewife. "My dear," said the husband who had to tell his wife that he had failed, "the wolf is at the door." "Tell him to wipe his feet," said she, absently.—*Youth's Companion.*

"There is one thing I must object to about that lady," said the rather timid young man. "The one who insists on being a 'new woman'?" "Yes. She is inconsistent. We were discussing the question of what constitutes real greatness. She expressed the opinion that there never was but one great man, and that was Joan of Arc."—*Washington Star.*

Dumas the elder was not in the habit of counting his money, but did once, leaving it on the mantel while he left the room for a few minutes. When he returned and was giving some instructions to a servant, he mechanically counted the pieces over again, and found a louis missing. "Well," he said with a sigh, "considering that I never counted my money before, I can't say it pays."—*New York Tribune.*

"You have all sorts of pie, I see by a sign in the window," said the facetious customer, as he went into a bakery and addressed one of the young women who stood behind the counter. "Yes, sir; what kind do you want?" "I will take a magpie, if you please." At this remark another young woman snickered, but the other girl turned to her promptly and said: "Here, Bertha! you're wanted."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. F. Litchfield, the well-known art-dealer, exhibited some panels of old tapestry at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. Wanting one of these returned, he wired: "Please send panel eight by ten—Venus and Adonis.—Litchfield." The departmental head of the exhibition was away, and his clerk returned the message to the post-office as "not understandable." The post-office people, struck with a bright idea, then transmitted the telegram to the city of Litchfield, and received the following reply: "No such firm as Venus and Adonis known here. Try Manchester."—*Household Words.*

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For the Little People

Confusing

By A. L. Bunner

When Baby began his alphabet,
And was learning it through and through,
There were always two letters he could not get,
The letters I and U.

For when you told him the letter was U,
Why, then he called it "Me;"
And if that was so, it was certainly true
That I then "You" would be.

And on these changes his mind is set;
But I'm sure you'll agree with me
It's a curious kind of alphabet
Where there's never an I to see.

The Pig that Wouldn't Go to Market

A True Story

By I. L. C.

A drove of black pigs *(not* hogs, but half-grown ones—*pigs)* came into town one fine March morning, going to market. A black man, a white man, and a yellow boy were urging them along. The yellow boy was in front, coaxing, and watching to see that none went to the right nor to the left of the road, nor got into anybody's yard. The black man walked on one side behind the drove, and the white man on the other.

The piggies seemed to be having a fine time, enjoying the morning air, rooting the roadsides a little, and trotting pleasantly along—all but one little black pig right in front of the white man, who went just as slowly as he could, saying, "Ugh! ugh! I don't want to go to market! Ugh! ugh!"

The white man poked him with a stick. The black man laughed and cracked his whip at him. Then Piggie deliberately stopped and wouldn't go another step—all the time saying "Ugh! ugh! I won't, I won't!" He reminded me of some little people I've seen when mother says it's bedtime, or wants them to wash their hands and faces, or go an errand when they don't feel like it; and they say, "I don't want to go to bed;" "I don't like to wash my face;" "I won't be good, I won't, I won't!" just as Piggie was doing.

Well, Piggie stopped short. Just then a spotted dog ran barking at the pigs. All the other pigs hurried the way the boy and men drove them, but this little black pig turned and ran *up* the road instead of *down*, and into the open gate of a pretty little yard.

The yard was small and square and full of flower borders.

Piggie ran up and down the yard and all over the borders, with the black man after him.

The pig's owner, a finely dressed lawyer, who lived on the edge of town, had been quietly walking down the plank-walk, watching the men and the pigs going to market. He carried a cane in his hand, and he wore a silk hat. He was a polite man, and would not be rude, even to a pig, if he could help it.

He walked into the yard, and gently touched Piggie with his cane, as if to say, "You cannot refuse to do as I wish, I am sure," but Piggie gave him a wink, as if to reply, "Oh dear no, not for Joe!" (the lawyer's name was Joe), and scampered all over the borders again. This greatly vexed the lady of the house, who was on the porch watching. So were the neighbors watching from their windows and porches. The neighbors did not lose their tempers, though, as the lawyer and the black man and the lady did. The lawyer gave Piggie a tremendous whack with his cane. But Piggie kept on playing "pussy wants a corner" in the little yard (he thought it was an elegant yard to play a game in), until he saw a wagon coming down the road. It was a great big blue wagon, filled with golden-yellow corn, piled high, and drawn by four bay horses.

The driver was walking by it, cracking his whip.

When the wagon got in front of the gate, Piggie made a dash out of the gate and right under the horses' feet. The horses danced and pranced and reared and broke the harness.

A doctor and a merchant going to business thought they ought to help Piggie get out.

Poor Piggie! He was so frightened now that I suspect he was both blind and stupid.

The black man kicked him, the driver beat him, the lawyer dodged him, the merchant headed him off, the doctor bawled at him, and the horses danced over him. Piggie ran in and out, around and about the horses' feet,

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and under the wagon body, but nothing could induce him to come out into the road.

Finally the driver had to take the leader (the right-hand horse in front) and tie him to the back of the wagon, for the horse was as scared as the pig.

Now, what do you think that little piggie did? Why, he trotted around to the back, behind the big leader, and trotted along close to the horse's heels, just as quietly as a lamb, and the procession went on down the village street. The big blue wagon, loaded with golden-yellow corn, drawn by three bay horses, in front; the driver walking beside it, the leading horse tied behind; Piggie, with drooping ears and curled tail, behind the horse; the black man, the lawyer, the merchant, the doctor, walking quietly on the plank walk. They were not even talking about it. They were using their handkerchiefs very freely. I reckon Piggie wished they'd lend him a handkerchief to wipe his neck and brow with, but they didn't offer him one at all, after all the exercise he had taken for their benefit.

So they walked on. The road had become blockaded with people going into town and children going to school, who had stopped to watch the fun. All turned and joined the procession now.

They reached the drove of pigs waiting for them a little further down the road. The yellow boy had let *them* enjoy themselves rooting in a lane, while waiting. They were driven out into the road, and Piggie joined them. He thought the men had had rest enough now. He put his nose up to another little black pig's nose, and whispered something. I don't understand pig language, but I guess this is what he said: "Don't let's go to market," for they both said, "Ugh! ugh!" and scampered up the road again.

The procession went on this time, and Piggie and his friend, no doubt, thought they were not going to market. But they were mistaken. They *did* go, and not like the others either, having a nice time, all together, rooting a little every now and then, and enjoying themselves. They went in a wagon, with their little black feet tied together, and the black man holding them down. Bumpety-bump, the wagon went over the stones, and I suspect they wished they hadn't run away.

Some Friends

Two rabbits and a calf lived together on the same farm. One rabbit sickened and died. The rabbit who was left immediately took up his residence in the field with the calf. Now the calf is a cow; but everywhere, all over the field, in the barnyard, in the barn in winter, the little rabbit is the cow's companion, and no one thinks of separating them.

His Master Knew

He was just a common little yellow dog following behind a man who showed plainly that it was not an easy matter to provide food for himself and the dog. As they were crossing the park another man started when he saw the dog, and called him by name. Immediately the little dog rushed at his new friend with every indication of great joy. A controversy began. "That is my dog." "No, it is not; it is my dog;" and the controversy would have ended in blows if it had not been for a wise policeman who took the two men and the dog to court. Here an equally wise Judge was called upon to decide as to who owned the dog. Each man was so certain that the dog belonged to him that the Judge at last asked one man, "Does your dog know any tricks?" "No, sir," was the answer from one man. "Yes, sir," was the answer from the man who discovered the dog in the park. "Very well," said the Judge, "prove it." The man called the dog out in the middle of the court-room and put him through several tricks quickly; the dog responded without a moment's hesitancy. He waltzed, he tumbled at command, he begged, and he cried. "The dog belongs to you," said the Judge. Then the man who was first seen with the dog at his heels said, "Yes, the dog belongs to him; he has proved it." And the little yellow dog said nothing, but trotted off, wagging his tail vigorously, at the heels of his real owner.

Cherries to Market

What a delightful place a cherry orchard of a thousand acres must be, and what a busy place it must be when the cherries are ripe enough to send to market! A San Francisco paper describes a cherry orchard in the height of the season. The pickers come in families and tent in a cherry orchard. Men, women, and children work, earning from seventy-five cents to one dollar a day. After the cherries are picked they are sorted, the riper cherries being sent to the near-by market, and the less ripe cherries shipped to the East. Two thousand boxes can be placed in one fruit-car, and

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